The Nation. November 4, 1978 $1

BONN CAPER

THE CASE OF THE MEDIA'S AGENTS

NORMAN BIRNBAUM

The story that was given to us reads like a second-rate thriller. A leading German Social Democrat, acting for and with former Bundeskanzler Willy Brandt, plots to remove West Germany from the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) in order to unite it with the German Democratic Republic (East Germany). The politician's staff, and his associates, include Soviet agents. Only the timely intervention of a CIA agent (the Romanian Deputy Chief of State Security, who has been in our camp all along) saves the West. This thriller was published in installments over the summer. Its coauthors include the Christian Democratic and Christian Social Parties, and their allies in the German intelligence services; those sectors of the German press that have learned to rise above a narrow obsession with the truth; the dashing pair from Washington, Rowland Evans and Robert Novak; and *Newsweek*'s roving foreign affairs editor, Arnaud de Borchgrave, who goes everywhere and always sees Red. Let us turn from fiction to fact. In 1969, the Social Democrats became senior partners in a governing coalition with the Free Democrats. They initiated changes in the nation's policy toward Eastern Europe—and toward the Communist regime in the German Democratic Republic. They developed normal relations with the countries of the Warsaw Pact, and ended the absurd policy by which the Federal Republic refused any relationship

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CONGRESSIONAL KALEIDOSCOPE
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Monroe H. Freedman

THE MIND OF SOMOZA
Max Holland

BLEEDING THE NORTH
Henry Foner

ON CABRERA INFANTE
Mateo Pardo

MEMO FROM CALIFORNIA

SEE HOW THEY RUN

The winds of politics blow fitfully in California in the closing weeks of the midterm election campaign. Some of the candidates await the results in sheltered comfort; others are beset by the high and low pressures of the hour: tax revolt, crime and punishment, race, equal rights, the economy, the environment—all the alarms and advantages that pass for issues in contemporary American politics. What follows here is a guided tour, by one of California's best-informed docents, of the most exposed candidates and most critical issues.

MARY ELLEN LEARY

The one joke of a California campaign season that has been little relieved by wit was perpetrated by Howard Jarvis. Whether the victim was Gov. Jerry Brown or his dull but tenacious Republican rival, Atty. Gen. Evelle Younger, is hard to say. But that Jarvis has been a factor in California's contest for Governor only goes to show what lively interest the public retains in the tax rollback of Proposition 13. Far and away, this is still the top issue, here where it all began.

Proposition 13 very nearly scuppered Governor Brown. He opposed it, urging instead a milk-toast version of tax reduction laboriously pieced together by the legislature, and last June when that 65% public preference for the Jarvis-Gann property tax cut came rolling in, Brown's popularity skidded. But the youthful Governor then proved himself even more adroit at politics than his predecessor and father, Gov. Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, Sr., who had started political life as a Republican and had the good sense to switch

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LETTERS.

Looking at The Nation.

Although we are pleased that so many readers agree with us on the importance of looking like what we are—an unslick magazine whose commitment is to content rather than packaging—we would have been suspicious if the verdict had been unanimous. A sampling of complaints and kudos appear below.

To the complainers let it be said that when we changed format we also changed our method of composition—from hot type to cold—and some of the kinks are still working themselves out. We hope that with time you will be as comfortable with today's *Nation* as you were with yesterday's.

The Editors

THUNDERING APPLAUSE

Los Altos Hills, Calif.

As a subscriber for some years, I congratulate you and your associates on the striking changes in the makeup of the magazine.

Thundering applause for your Walter Bernard and Milton Glaser, and for those who were consulted. Contents, too, seem more readable and brighter, possibly too bright for me.

However that may be, *The Nation* is a triumph, inviting the eye (in the past it *challenged* the eye) and shaking up the mind. *Theodore F. Baer*

P.S. Please run as many articles as he can turn out—that distinguished man, Carey McWilliams.

MARGINS & PAPER

San Jose, Calif.

I think the new format for *The Nation* will succeed if you make two further changes.

One is to return to the use of margins. My eye collides with the bottom of the page instead of rebounding comfortably to the next column. My recurring thought is that I am reading a cheap periodical that squeezes every last ⅛" of space from its paper.

The second is to improve the quality of the paper itself. The grim, grainy gray often makes the print indecipherable and the illustrations unintelligible. Again and again I cannot tell the difference between a period and a comma, a colon and a semicolon. The magazine droops at all four corners at once: I need four hands to hold it.

I wish you every success.

Martin Birnbach

YES, IT WAS

Monmouth, Ore.

The new format of *The Nation* is very pleasing!

One question, however. Will you be putting the volume and number on the issue in the future, as you did in the past? A large portion of your subscribers are libraries, and periodicals are infinitely easier to check in when they have a volume and number. Perhaps the omission was an oversight, but I would appreciate hearing from you. *Lotte Larsen, Serials Librarian, Oregon College of Education*

The omission was an oversight and has, as librarians will please note, been corrected.

FRONT-PAGE DISASTER

New York City

A few comments on your new format: I like the clarity of the body type. However, the front cover is a disaster. For starters, getting rid of the reverse plate would help. Also, running one article on the same page with the following article doesn't make for clarity. Then, too, the initials are too large. The headings too.

Lester Morrow

GREAT NEW FACE

New York City

I have just seen the new face of *The Nation* and it looks great. I congratulate you and wish you all the best.

Roger W. Straus, Jr.

SHOCKING MINK

Los Angeles, Calif.

I was shocked by the back cover of the September 30 issue. What is a full-page ad for mink doing in *The Nation*? I have come to appreciate *The Nation* not only for its excellent articles but also for its lack of advertising of classy goods for the wealthy. I feel that the sincerity with which you treat the problems of poverty, distribution of wealth and political and economic power is called into question when you run ads for items that can be purchased by only a minute fraction of the world's population. Is *The Nation* going to turn into *The New Yorker*? Has a new advertising policy been adopted? If so, and if we are to be presented with more ads of this offensive nature, I hope you will at least print a few words of explanation in a future issue. *Connie Jacowitz*

THAT LADY AGAIN

Baltimore, Md.

Bravo! *The Nation* has made a change for the better. Along with the dignified appearance and the successful effort "to underline (your) commitment to content" you have added a fine editorial board and the estimable Robert Sherrill.

However, may I temper the plaudits by saying that the lady in mink on the back of the magazine caused me a twinge of concern. Need I worry?

Thomas F. Gorman

Although the relationship of the First Amendment to commercial advertising is complex, we start with a strong presumption against banning advertisers because we disapprove of, or even abhor, their politics or social views. But we reserve (and exercise) the right to attack them in our editorial columns.

AT EASE

New York City

Congratulations on the new format. For the first time I did not have that queasy feeling when the magazine arrived which comes from trying to decide how I should combat the text.

Andrew Silk

FAITHFUL READER

St. Louis, Mo.

I am an increasingly loyal subscriber to *The Nation*. During the last year or so, I've been aware of many and various changes surrounding the magazine, and you may be pleased to know that these changes have affected neither positively nor negatively my opinion of *The Nation*. They are superficial to what I perceive as its steadier aim—to promote understanding through accurate and in-depth reporting.

With two exceptions, one of which worries me: I notice that the name "Robert Hatch" now appears after "Executive Editor" on the masthead, and hope sincerely that his expanded responsibilities will not keep him away from the movies and his trusty type-

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Publisher, Hamilton Fish

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EDITORIALS.

As Iowa Goes...

Iowa is the American heartland. Running for the Senate there are Dick Clark, the incumbent, a Democrat and a certified liberal by any test, and Roger Jepsen, a Republican so conservative that Earl Butz is supporting him and Richard Viguerie, the right-wing money raiser, handled his mailings and guided his campaign for the spring primary. This, then, looks to be a showdown election, a midterm augury for the party in office, and it is attracting interest and drawing campaign funds from an area far larger than Iowa. Clark's drive for re-election can be seen as a fight for the soul of the "real" America, and in the form book of American politics, which records the Congressional attrition that befalls the governing party in off-year elections, it is an uphill fight. But assuming that the ingrained habits of Iowa voters prevail, the form book this time will be wrong.

Iowa is twenty-fifth of the states in area and population, twenty-third in personal income, an industrial state second only to Illinois in exports. It is low in crime, unemployment and welfare clients, stable in population. For most Iowans, busing is how farm kids get to consolidated schools.

While the American Gothic image still defines Iowa in the mind of the outsider, the state in fact generally lives up to an authentic liberal tradition. Clark's liberalism, therefore, is no handicap but neither can it be assumed as an advantage. If demography favors a kind of 19th-century liberalism, Iowa politics favors both pragmatists and ticket splitters. A reliable barometer of national politics for more than a generation, Iowa is also a state where registered Democrats coexist with registered Republicans and Independents in a ratio approaching 1 to 1. Clark himself is an obvious beneficiary of this flexible equilibrium, having been first elected to the Senate on the same day that a whopping majority of Iowans voted to re-elect Richard Nixon. Another beneficiary is Robert Ray, the liberal

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Republican currently running for an unprecedented fifth term as Governor.

Duly rated and certified by nuns, teachers, environmentalists, Common Cause and the ADA alike, Clark is the liberal's liberal to the point of personal surprise and even embarrassment. His record includes aggressive opposition to tuition credits and American military intervention in Africa, support for arms control and the Panama Canal Treaties, firm and exclusive positions on Senate ethics and publicly funded Congressional salary hikes, a tolerant view of abortion and extended time for ERA ratification. In the Indian summer of Proposition 13 and Kemp-Roth, he was among the handful that revolted against mandating a balanced federal budget by 1983. It was demagogic, he said, and probably unconstitutional.

Clark's opponent, with Viguerie at his side, has left few doubts about his place on the political spectrum. Though the idea soon vanished from his after-dinner repertory, Jepsen proposed to a meeting last May that Social Security be turned over to private business. In September, during one of the campaign's rare face-to-face encounters he accused Clark of advancing the Soviet cause in Africa. Still hunting the right issue in both senses, he has ridden the circuits since then, denouncing the heavy hand of bureaucracy and sounding the alarm like a younger, trimmer Howard Jarvis.

By this year's tepid standards, even the campaign finance reports confirm the political heat engendered by the Clark-Jepsen duel, not only within the state but beyond it. Clark expected to spend $800,000; Jepsen is likely to outspend him. Up to two-thirds of Clark's money is from out of state, major unions being among the conspicuous contributors. Jepsen's consistently murky bookkeeping has itself been an intermittent issue, but an estimated half of his money is also from out of state (apparently not enough, though, to cover his expenses). The Republican Senatorial Trust is large among his campaign angels, and the political action committees (PACs) of the Virginia Auto and Truck Dealers, the Coors' Beer employees, the National Rifle Association, Getty and Amoco also support him.

His Republican champions, in addition to Butz of the boomeranging wisecrack, include Gerald Ford, Ronald Reagan and George Bush, and their solicitude is further evidence of outside concern. All have appeared publicly on Jepsen's behalf, with Ford and Reagan even lingering on tape to reappear on the home screen between cops, quarterbacks and toothpaste commercials. And if an estimated $150,000 worth of Clark TV ads, bought between July 1 and September 30, show rather more wit and variety than his opponent's commercials, campaign appearances by Rosalynn Carter and Senator Kennedy confirm Democratic involvement in the campaign far beyond Davenport and Council Bluffs.

Yet the keys to the campaign are largely local. Squeezed like most Middle Americans between sliding income and rising costs, facing the intricate challenge of a bumper corn crop, Iowans complain about a lot of things, but not that they must choose between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Ideological squabbles are, in any case, more likely to impress outsiders than the native voters. In Iowa, they carry less weight than may be imagined.

Rural and locally educated, a lifelong resident of the state he represents, Clark has opposed foreign war, promoted farm exports, protested beef imports and defended six-player girls' basketball, an Iowa obsession, against the high-minded predations of federal administrators. Jepsen's charges of liberalism and un-Iowan behavior might look damaging in Washington, New York or the ex-Iowan colonies in California. They look different in Iowa where people are less likely to spot a liberal than to see a good U.S. Senator from a familiar tradition.

The other source of Jepsen's trouble is the equally familiar figure of Ray, the popular Republican Governor. Iowa Republicans still remember 1972, when then-Lieutenant Governor Jepsen tried to dump Ray and steal the governorship. Ray ran Jepsen off the ballot before the primary, serving in effect to scuttle Jepsen's issues. Taxes, inflation and the bureaucracy are the heart of Jepsen's current campaign, but none is a genuinely burning problem. During Ray's administration, school financing was largely disengaged from local property taxes, the state itself has picked up the better part of the welfare tab and taxation has remained almost constant. According to current projections, the state looks forward to a modest budget surplus.

October polls show both Ray and Clark well in front with Jepsen eleven points behind and his position unchanged since July. The message seems to be that a majority of Iowans, including one out of three Republicans, will be voting on November 7 against the man who campaigned until only recently as "The Right Republican for Iowa." If Clark wins on November 7, the Iowa election would seem to be one more bit of proof that Americans—or at least a significant number of them—care more about character than about single-issue campaigns or conservative drifts. If he loses, we have something to worry about.

DAVID SCHOENBAUM

David Schoenbaum teaches history at the University of Iowa.

The Mind of Somoza

Ensconced in his bunker in the heart of Managua, a tall middle-aged man with a pencil-thin mustache and receding hairline is confounding his political opponents, the U.S. Government and the mass media. Every segment of Nicaraguan society—from dirt-poor *campesinos* to wealthy industrialists—is strongly opposed to *el hombre* (as Somoza is called by many Nicaraguans who won't say his name because they

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fear it brings bad luck). The U.S. Government would like nothing better than his resignation to forestall the possibility of "another Cuba," yet Somoza shows no signs of obliging the North Americans, who have always been his greatest supporters.

His departure, imminent in the media's premature obituaries a month ago, is much less predictable now that he has opened negotiations with a broad opposition coalition that represents all but his armed opponents, the Sandinistas.

The President-Dictator is negotiating with a three-man delegation representing fifteen opposition groups. The stated purpose is to reach a peaceful resolution of the crisis, a term which to the more conservative groups means Somoza's departure, and to his more radical opponents includes also the confiscation of his ill-gotten property and even some basic restructuring of the political system.

But Anastasio Somoza Debayle won't go. To understand why—and how—he keeps his stranglehold over Nicaragua, one must begin with the National Guard. Recent events showed that sheer force is all Somoza has left, but everyone agrees that as long as that force—meaning the Guard—remains loyal, Somoza's Presidency is relatively safe. But how can Somoza retain that loyalty? After all, Nicaragua is a small country of little more than 2 million people and therefore many of the soldiers have bombed, strafed and shelled their own neighborhoods, if not their own relatives.

The technique for keeping the Guard loyal has been handed down from generation to generation in the Somoza dynasty: in return for security, the Guardsmen receive special privileges and upward mobility. That has always worked, but the problem of the present Somoza may lie in convincing the Guard that *only* a Somoza can deliver these benefits.

The National Guard is kept in line by manipulating historic divisions within the Nicaraguan elites. Four or five family names appear everywhere in the political and economic life of the country. Some call themselves Liberals and follow Somoza; others are in the Conservative Party. Throughout the Somoza dynasty, and for a long time before, struggles for power and wealth have taken place among these factions. The poor majority has simply been ignored.

Moreover, the traditional oligarchs' disdain for the Somozas is visited on the Guard itself, and the Somozas have shrewdly capitalized on it. They have been godfathers to the Guard while insulating and alienating it from the general populace. As Somoza recently explained, "We are fighting a battle here, my friend [with] a well-to-do group that doesn't want people to go up on the ladder. The Guard is one of those people who are going up on the ladder. The Guard doesn't get admitted to the country clubs, or the better schools. They are trying to push the Guard down in the gutter. We are trying to uplift their status, socially, economically, intellectually."

Somoza "uplifts" the Guard by providing them with a standard of living far above that of the average Nicaraguan. They have separate schools, hospitals, stores and residential areas. And the higher a Guard officer rises, the more lucrative his profession becomes as he gets to partake of the many "business" opportunities that open up, from plain smuggling to mass transit monopolies.

Even with all these incentives to loyalty, Somoza is watchful of the actual military command in the Guard. According to Richard Millett, an American scholar who has written a book on the subject, only about 20% of the Guard are combat troops, and command of these forces is exercised directly by the Somoza family or by a very few trusted associates. As Millett points out, that is why the Guard dealt with the September uprisings one city at a time, rather than in a single coordinated attack.

It may also help to explain how Somoza retains control of a country in which all classes revolted against him in a national uprising. But it does not account for his staying and waging war against his country under conditions that have persuaded other dictators to take their millions and run.

The truth seems to be that Somoza sees no distinction between his own welfare and that of Nicaragua. And even before his serious heart attack last year many observers noted the difficulty many Nicaraguans had in imagining life without a Somoza in charge. The family has been in command for forty-two years, and about 75% of the population is below 40 years of age.

Somoza's attitude toward his vast holdings typifies his failure to distinguish between himself and Nicaragua. A U.S. envoy once wrote of the previous Somoza that "he sees in democracy only a device for the easy domination of his country, with abundant opportunities for plunder to the strains of the national anthem." The same can be said about his son, whose fortune is estimated at $400 million to $500 million. His determination to profit from every kind of business has spawned an apparatus of graft that can hardly be called a government.

Yet Somoza sees it quite differently. He considers himself the prime mover behind Nicaragua's capitalistic development, an investor who takes the risks and therefore deserves the profits. There is a certain perverse logic to his view. While enumerating his fortune, most stories neglect to point out that half of the seventy or so entities Somoza owns are nearly bankrupt, poorly managed and wasting money. Some are surviving only thanks to favored tax or tariff treatment, and it would be wiser to write them off as bad investments. But Somoza will insist on maintaining a losing venture on the undeveloped Atlantic Coast, for example, for what he considers "national" reasons. He believes, somehow, that he is performing the same function as a Rockefeller or Howard Hughes, and his admiration for such Americans and what they represent is unrestrained.

Anastasio Somoza's warped nationalism and egocentrism have been woven into his life ever since he began to be groomed for the Presidency at the age of 7, forty-five years ago. It is said that he is the only West Point graduate to receive an entire army as a graduation present. Since then he has been surrounded by a legion of sycophants who strenuously

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avoid bearing bad tidings. This explains why Somoza still maintains, and believes, that the majority of Nicaraguans support him. If he ever has doubts, they are quickly stilled by his advisers.

Somoza's self-deception, together with his still unchallenged power over the Guard, makes prediction easier than usual—at least as to what he will try to do. There have been threats to his family in the past, but the negotiations that followed them always left the dynasty intact after superficial concessions. He will try that game again. But if the opposition now dealing with him keeps this record in mind, it will reject his proposals and the talks will break down. Somoza will be trying to split the opposition front and persuade the more conservative elements to go along with his "reform" proposals and thus recreate a shaky consensus of the elites. But this time, after the city-busting brutality of his Guard's military actions, the opposition to Somoza is angrier and more widespread than ever before. It may not be possible to patch things up.

The present negotiations are being watched over, to some degree, by a three-nation committee of observers including the United States, Guatemala and the Dominican Republic. No outside power can be the arbiter of events in Nicaragua, least of all this country with its shameful record there. But the United States should implement a policy of positive noninvolvement in Somoza's tortured country by at least withdrawing our military mission and stopping any connection with the Guard. The policy of the United States and the OAS should be bent toward ending the violence and suffering that will last until the day when Somoza and Nicaragua are no longer inseparable.

MAX HOLLAND

Max Holland, an Associate at the Center for International Policy, visited Nicaragua earlier this year on a grant from The Fund for Investigative Journalism.

Pro Bono

In this bleak political season, when the citizenry's disaffection with parties and politicians brings predictions of a turnout on November 7 of less than a third of the eligible voters, let us look for encouragement at some areas of life where politics of the serious kind is still happening. Five organizations (and there are others) are effectively dedicating themselves to the preservation and extension of Constitutional liberties and to the ending of all forms of discrimination against minorities and women.

This partial list of thoroughly worthwhile outfits includes the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU), the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee (ECLC), the National Committee Against Repressive Legislation (NCARL), the Southern Regional Council (SRC) and the Committee For Public Justice (CPJ). There is not an acronym in the bunch, perhaps demonstrating the seriousness of their purposes; in any event they have all been busy doing important work in the interest of this democratic Republic.

The other night in New York the CPJ, which seven years ago—when such a thing wasn't done—held the first public meeting to examine critically the work of the FBI, staged a symposium in a theatre to consider the question, "Whose Country Is This?" If there was not, and could not be, a precise and agreed answer to that vital question among the six speakers, including a philosopher, a physicist, a young singer and the chairman of the ACLU, at least all the proper questions were raised and dealt with in serious political discourse. It was the opposite of what one hears on the hustings this season.

About the ACLU it should be noted that it is recovering, organizationally, from the drop in membership resulting from its unavoidable and principled stand for free speech in the matter of the loathsome Nazis of Skokie. And well it should, as many members who had questions about that action will recognize when their own or others' First Amendment rights are similarly threatened. The ACLU's Washington office notes, in a striking report on the civil liberties performance of the 95th Congress, that despite its "wariness and frequent hostility toward minority rights," it killed some bad bills and passed some good ones—and this positive result often came about with the stout help of the ACLU in the lobbies (which is our observation).

NCARL labored hard to stop the Son of S.1, whose number, as S. 1437, it definitively had. It was an attempt at criminal code reform which contained too great a potential for repression and too little regard for individual liberties. Now this effective organization will turn its attention, in part, to laws that would control the so-called intelligence agencies.

As for the ECLC, it is concentrating on its antitrust suit aimed at opening up the public airwaves to independent producers, now so thoroughly excluded. Many think of it in connection with its vigorous pursuit of the FBI for harassment of the Socialist Workers Party, but the ECLC is also moving against the FBI in the scandalous Birmingham bus case (on behalf of James Peck) and against a corporation (AT&T) for firing an employee for his politics (in the Chinn case).

Finally, the Southern Regional Council, which has done so much for civil rights in the South, both New and Old, is continuing its effective efforts in behalf of equal rights for all with a report showing quite shocking discrimination against "Blacks and Women in Southern Federal Courts," the title of its study. For one item, there is only one black federal judge in the South; for another, in thirteen of twenty-nine district courts, women hold 3% or less of the professional positions. And all through the federal judicial system in the South, blacks and women are grossly underrepresented.

All of these organizations are making important contributions to the civic life of this nation and they deserve the thanks of a people that grows dangerously apathetic about electoral politics.

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VARIATIONS

CALVIN TRILLIN

When a bill was passed this summer requiring New York dog-walkers to clean up after their dogs, I was among those who said that the dog people could be expected to observe the new law at about the same pace that newspaper reporters and traveling salesmen observed the Volstead Act. "Dog people are anarchists," I said to my wife, Alice, "but not the interesting kind."

"That's a very unfair thing to say," Alice said.

"If you think that was unfair, listen to this," I said. "Dog people hate children. Otherwise, they would not allow their dogs to foul the footpaths where innocent little tots frolic and play stickball and pass smart-aleck remarks about grown-ups." I reminded Alice that Robert Bingham, a friend of ours who owns a Newfoundland, once told me that our daughters were merely "dog substitutes."

"Caleb Cooks has a dog," Alice said.

"So?"

"How can you say he hates children? He's a child."

Caleb Cooks is the little boy who lives downstairs. We go way back. "I always except my friends from my prejudices, Alice," I said. "You know that."

We happened to be out of the country for the entire summer, giving me some time to wonder whether I would have the courage to place the first law-defying dog-person I saw under citizen's arrest. I simply didn't know whether I would be able to approach someone who was holding the leash of a misbehaving (and perhaps mean-tempered and maybe even rabid) cocker spaniel and say, "On behalf of the citizens of the State of New York—Hugh L. Carey, Governor; Louis J. Lefkowitz, Attorney General—I place you under arrest for permitting an animal to foul the footpath. You have a right to counsel. You may remain silent. You may not giggle."

No such confrontation was necessary. We arrived back in New York to find that the dog-walkers on our street were scrupulously obeying the law. I was filled with remorse—a substance with which I am rarely filled. I believe I would have rushed up to the first dog-person I saw obeying the law to shake his hand and ask his forgiveness and congratulate him on his good citizenship—except that, as it happened, the first dog-person I saw obeying the law had both hands occupied, one with a leash and another with a strategically rolled copy of *The Wall Street Journal*. It occurred to me at the time, that as a minor side-benefit of the new law, anyone wishing to describe the ephemeral nature of newspaper writing has another phrase to alternate with the old saw "yesterday's newspapers are today's fish wrappings."

Unfortunately, before we had been back a week, I ran into an it-all-goes-back-to-ist of my acquaintance. He solemnly informed me that New York's dramatic comeback in public esteem, a phenomenon then much discussed, could be traced to the willingness of the dog people to obey the law—a symbol of the city's spirit reborn. It-all-goes-back-to-ists explain anything by saying that it all goes back to something else—preferably something unlikely enough to have escaped the notice of other it-all-goes-back-to-ists. There are it-all-goes-back-to-ists, for instance, who believe that the disintegration of this country all goes back to the interstate highway system, and there are it-all-goes-back-to-ists who now say that Richard M. Nixon's downfall was inevitable from the moment he tried dressing the White House guards in the costumes of Ruritanian comic opera.

I naturally resented the intrusion of it-all-goes-back-to-ist theory into my new warm relationships with the dog people. "I don't mind shaking a dog-person's hand or patting one on the back or passing on a simple 'well done,' " I told Alice. "But I don't think I'm ready to thank them for the salvation of our culture. That much remorse I do not have." As it happens, I have always tried to avoid the temptations of it-all-goes-back-to-ism—although once, in a moment of weakness, I did say in public print that if the crumbling of the society went back to anything it goes back to agribusiness's vertical integration of the broiler industry.

I soon discovered that the comeback of New York was a subject it-all-goes-back-to-ists found irresistible. There is a school of thought that traces everything to the joyous spectacle of the Tall Ships in 1976, and there is a school that believes the city was saved by the Italian Communist Party (on the theory that the possibility of the Reds coming to power drove a lot of Milanese businessmen into the Manhattan real estate market). A number of specialists believe that it all goes back to seeing the back of Johnny Carson. The theory that New York was saved by Carson's departure for the West Coast leans heavily on a Syracuse University Graduate School of Communication Arts doctoral dissertation which shows that 83% of the jokes in Carson's opening monologue are about not getting a laugh on the previous joke, and that 78% of the remainder used to be about getting mugged in Central Park.

"I refuse to discuss the possibility that it all goes back to the dog people," I said to Alice one day.

"You may be right," she said. "A lot of people are now saying that it may all go back to Studio 54." The Studio 54 theory is based on the belief that the wretched sight of crowds trying to push into that *People* magazine version of purgatory made everyone in the rest of the country feel so left out that New York went way up in their esteem. I was silent for a moment.

"What do you think of the Studio 54 theory?" Alice said.

"I think it may be the first sensible argument I have ever heard for moving to Larchmont," I said, getting out of my chair.

"Where are you going?" Alice said.

"I'm going downstairs to thank Caleb for saving the city." □

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(Continued from Page 458)
writer. I, for one, really *use* his column! And the other pleases: Calvin Trillin is simply the wittiest and most on-target of writers around. (He is, in fact, a *Wealth of The Nation*'s readers, to borrow perversely from a predecessor in his line of work.) I hope he sticks around a long time.

Of course, I'll keep reading *The Nation* regardless of personnel. I got faith in it! So, thanks. *Mike Roland*

P.S.: How about more from Latin America? Ms. Lernoux is another reason *The Nation* deserves respect.

FAILURE ALL AROUND

San Rafael, Calif.
Even having to write a letter such as this is more than slightly offensive to me because it is at such a remove from my truly immediate concerns. However, because the latest edition [September 30] of *The Nation* was such an affront to my sensibilities, I feel I really must offer a comment.

You offer in your editorial promise that you hope this new format will "produce the effect that was intended, namely, one of clarity, vigor and legibility." For one, let me assure you that you have achieved none of those goals. I find the front page cluttered and confusing, lacking character. The new type is too faint for easy reading and, quite honestly, did not invite me into the pages beyond because of it.

I suspect the high number of book ads is due to the fall book season which is upon us . . . but I find the advertisement for mink coats on the back cover an insult to my commitment to destroy the social barriers which are built by the avarice of the moneyed and mindlessly affluent. I suspect I will be able to weather the bad type and uncomfortable feeling which come from the new cover design, but I do not intend to survive nor support attitudes which allow for advertisements for mink coats.

I do hope *The Nation* is not joining those who would support the "personality" syndrome in this country by the addition of a group of highly visible editorial board members whose function, this reader suspects, will be mainly cosmetic.

I have been reading *The Nation* with a religious consistency for twenty years. It is more than vaguely disconcerting to see the direction it seems to be taking with this new "face." I am still a reader and subscriber but not a happy one. *Norman Gover*

IS THIS *THE NATION*?

New York City
The first magazine that I recall in my parents' home fifty years ago was *The Nation*. In the intervening years as a reader and as an occasional contributor to its pages, I have relied on it as a continuing source of sanity and probity.

Because I have been mindful of *The Nation*'s constantly precarious financial existence, your installation as editor has encouraged me by what I perceive to be a revitalization of content, and a liveliness of spirit in the magazine's pages.

I must say, however, that I received a rather stunning shock last Thursday when the September 30th issue was received. What I first thought to be a "flyer" from a mail order house or a promotional effort from some other source turned out to be *The Nation*. I was amazed by the appearance of the cover, and expect I was not fully convinced that what I was examining was *The Nation*, until I read the lead editorial announcing the format change.

Although I appreciate your effort to explain the new visual style, I find myself, both as a reader and as a graphic designer, taking strong exception to the rationale which you expressed.

My instinctive response is that the new cover design downgrades the magazine's name, and lists its contents in a rather "brassy" manner. The result seems not only to make its identity insignificant, but in addition, robs *The Nation* of dignity and stature.

From my point of view, the design change has established a bloodless impression; one which brushes aside any expression of vigor, heritage or tradition, all of which are part and parcel of the magazine's character. Contrary to the point made in your editorial, as I view it, the change creates an appearance which *does* change the image of the publication.

From a practical point of view, it occurs to me that the cover redesign is in error because there is little, if any, display value in it; a severe disadvantage on newsstands and in libraries.

Your treatment of the inside pages appears to compound the visual problem established by the new cover design. The overall grayness created by a substantial lack of contrast in weight between text, titles, subtitles, and bylines has resulted in pages which are visually uninteresting and uninvolving.

The use of the work of an illustrator (perhaps more appropriate in another journal) whose "furry" style melds into the typography enhances the neutral appearance of the pages, and entrenches the feeling of dullness.

Finally, I must comment on your overly confident statement, "The thing speaks for itself." While I applaud your motive in favoring substance over image, I fear that this effort has misfired, and urge you not necessarily to return to the previous format, but to make a graphic statement for *The Nation* which is respectful of this great magazine's new commitment to vitality, and its nobility in the ranks of American journals of reporting and opinion. *Alvin Katz*

THANK GOD FOR THE DEVIL

San Antonio, Texas
Congratulations on your new format and Editorial Board, but thank God you kept the devil: Robert Sherrill.
Maury Maverick, Jr.

UNTAPPED YOUTH

Berkeley, Calif.
I like the new format. I especially enjoyed the issue [Oct. 14] on Reactions to Reaction, with its thoughtful articles cautioning against jumping on the bandwagon that is crooning, "The country has gone conservative and all is lost."

Along with your new image, I hope you're doing something to attract young readers. It has long bothered me that everyone I know in California who subscribes to *The Nation* is well past 40. I think there is a large untapped potential readership among younger people, some of whom have never heard of *The Nation*—or think it ceased publication around 1915. For many young people, I think discovering *The Nation* would fill a need, giving them a magazine which expresses their own political point of view, and provides documentation and substance for ideas they believe in but do not see discussed intelligently in political journals, which tend to be either to the Right or the Left of their thinking. . . . *Celeste MacLeod*

GUTTER TALK

Goleta, Calif.
On the format of the "new" *Nation*—I like it; it's a great improvement. *But* allow more space in the gutter. This is the damnedest problem when you're folding the mag to read. I realize that your printer's folder can be at fault sometimes. *Leslie Baird*

Coming Next Week
Special
Book Issue

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How They Run

(Continued from Front Cover)

parties early. Jerry Brown switched views on taxes; he embraced the Jarvis-Gann philosophy—and on television he obsessively embraced Jarvis himself.

Always conservative in spending, Brown became, in the summer session of the legislature, absolutely parsimonious. He vetoed even minuscule cost-of-living pay raises for public employees at state and local levels; he refused niggling increases in welfare aid and forswore new public programs of all kinds. Brown cushioned the blow of Proposition 13 revenue reductions by giving handouts to local governments from the abundant state surplus accumulated in his four years, but he kept the largess scant and tightly controlled from the state capitol, so that government all down the line in California has been forced on a bread and water diet. Then he went Jarvis one better by topping the rollback of property taxes with a rollback of state spending. He actually produced a budget less than the previous year's and gave the voters a one-time $1 billion cut in income taxes to boot, while indexing the tax schedule to ease the burden on the middle incomed.

Oddly, the tax revolt is a reality Republican Younger confronted only gingerly. He failed to grasp its dimension before or after the June election, and was late getting aboard the wagon. Younger is a seasoned politician with a history of election success, step by step from FBI agent to district attorney of Los Angeles, municipal judge, a major general in the Air Force Reserve and state attorney general. He is stolid, careful, systematic, an organization man, bland and boring; whereas Brown shoots off rocket notions, leaving his staff often bewildered and unbriefed, his schedule in disarray, but his instinct for the public pulse is quicker and surer than most. By early October he had jumped a strong 14 or 19 points (depending on the poll) ahead of his Republican rival.

But the joke? Just when Republicans were most disheartened by their decline, Jarvis filmed a TV commercial for Younger, applauding him for personally defending the constitutionality of Proposition 13 before the state Supreme Court. It was a shot in the arm for the whole GOP ticket, and a body blow, it seemed, for Brown. The news was announced, the commercials would start the following week, the campaign would turn around. But it was a one-day wonder. Lo, Jarvis had trotted over to Brown headquarters, and there cut a thirty-second laudatory film. The lobbyist's ploy: play both sides.

Democrats chuckled more over this jape than did the Republicans, but then Democrats in California are in a cheerier mood than Republicans. The Governor's big vote advantage, as recorded by the latest polls, promises a trickle-down benefit to every party member. Unless, of course, the unpredictable California voters are still nursing the antipathy they showed toward incumbents in June. Open hostility to politicians, especially those in office, has been a characteristic of the tax revolt, and until election night it will remain uncertain whether Governor Brown, by his diligent accommodation to the public mood, has allayed this anger.

It is a changed Jerry Brown who leads California these days. No longer does his fancy rest on saving whales, diminished expectations, solar power or on meditative speculation about the purpose of one life afloat on time in a maelstrom of humanity. Brown has come to grips with the root of politics, money. The personally spartan ex-seminarian has finally recognized that money is at the very core of public interest, and he has moved not merely into a tax-saving role but into concern and support for those whose financial interests are integral to California's economy.

For months now, Brown has diligently heeded the anxieties of California's major business leadership. The poets, Zen monks and artist-philosophers who used to form his clique have given place to businessmen and bankers with their pragmatic concerns over energy, production costs, port needs and market search. They may not have captured his heart but they have captured his time and attention. Brown has streamlined the environmental review process for industry, not wiping it out but speeding it up. He has pushed to insure that an oil terminal will be available soon for Alaskan oil, forcing through a unique plan to offset its air pollution by cleaning up neighboring pollution sources. He has favored and expedited a terminal for liquefied natural gas. Recognizing that the $9 billion state agricultural output is the foundation of California's economy, he has worked to find larger export markets, especially in Japan, has favored water development for agriculture's benefit and backed away from his one-time interest in the 160-acre limitation on land receiving federally developed water. While he still resists nuclear power, th state's first coal-fueled utility plant is being pro grammed. These moves, which provide the su' stance of his campaign, are all keyed to the issue money. Brown has turned around last year's slur that California's climate is unfavorable to business with statistics which show jobs growing at a rate greater than in the nation, personal income and corporate profits increasing faster than elsewhere and all major economic factors up.

This kind of substantiated rhetoric has paid off for the Governor—in money. To GOP dismay, business has supported his campaign more generously than Younger's: at least, so Republican staffers said when they had to reduce almost by half the TV expenditures projected for the last month of the campaign. Small advantage that Reagan has endorsed Younger, joining ex-President Ford in a

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Mary Ellen Leary, a frequent contributor to The Nation, *is a free-lance writer, specializing in California politics. She is the author of* Phantom Politics *(Public Affairs Press), a book on Governor Brown's first gubernatorial election.*

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televised plug, when Brown can boast he outdid Reagan in budget economies.

The California Democrats have turned into the business community's favorite party because of government thrift, tax reductions, a ready ear for corporate needs and a focus on economic expansion. Labor, as delighted as business with the turn of events, is sticking faithful to Brown despite the unhappiness of public employees. What Brown hopes to build is an election victory impressive enough to insure him serious recognition on the national scene, whatever his chances in 1980. Brown emphasizes that Edward Kennedy seems a more likely rival to President Carter, should rivalry develop within the party. Polls show him third behind those two in popularity in his own state. The Californian has put everything he has into insuring a victory that will astonish the nation.

Brown's smooth co-opting of the business community has not smothered the right wing; he has deflected it to other targets. The furor over the homosexual initiative on the California ballot, which wars particularly on school employees [See "Scapegoating the Gays: Proposition 6 and the Rights of Us All" by Michael Castleman, *The Nation*, October 21], and the added embellishments on California's death penalty law in another initiative, are peripheral issues compared to the real focus of the ultraconservatives in California this year. That focus is on Rose Elizabeth Bird, the attorney whom Brown picked from his Cabinet twenty months ago to become Chief Justice of the California Supreme Court. By California law, her appointment must be confirmed by the electorate, and several sectors of the radical Right have combined to rally "no" votes against her. It is one of the most extraordinary political contests anywhere this year.

The anti-Bird drive amounts to an attack on the judiciary itself, comparable in aim to the Birchers' "Impeach Earl Warren" campaign of a decade ago, and it works to undermine a court whose place in public esteem is next only to that of the U.S. Supreme Court and whose sensitivity to human rights and civil rights has often pioneered paths later followed by the U.S. Court. The attack on Chief Justice Bird has become a symbolic effort to denigrate the whole California judiciary, and it is undertaken at a time when the politicizing of judges in California—for sixty-five years a group well shielded against the pressures of political expediency—is on the rise.

One of the more sinister aspects of this determination to oust Chief Justice Bird is its revelation of the organized and highly sophisticated methods by which arch-conservative views about law enforcement have been impressed upon California politicians. Openly leading one segment of the drive against her is the "Law and Order Campaign Committee," an instrument created by state Sen. H.L. Richardson, a Republican of Arcadia in Los Angeles County. He first dreamed up this committee to make sure that a death penalty law would be approved by the people, and he has kept it busy since as a lobby group with the legislature, pushing for ever stricter criminal penalties, a more punitive approach to prison sentences and mandatory incarceration for an ever widening list of crimes.

Richardson began his political activities by organizing "Gun-Owners of California" and "Gun-Owners of America" in 1975. When he found this a lucrative field (in the first year he raised better than $3 million to aid candidates sympathetic to his views), he developed a spinoff group, the "Law and Order Campaign Committee."

Richardson is something of a rugged individualist. He was a Bircher for a time but quit, he said, because he found Welch's society too regimented. He boasted to a San Francisco newspaper two years ago that he had "a very formidable organization" with 110,000 members on his computerized mailing list for California alone, and more than 25,000 names and contributors nationally. The figures have grown markedly since. With his computer lists, Richardson can summon pressure from his constituency, pinpointed for the sector of the state where it is most needed for "law and order" issues. He has been marvelously effective in the legislature, and he is now out to get the Chief Justice.

Two other organizations are lined up for the anti-Bird attack. One, run by a professional campaign

DRAWINGS BY ED KOREN

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management firm with headquarters in Sacramento, is the bluntly named "Vote No on Rose Bird Committee," aimed at agricultural interests who dislike her because, as Brown's Cabinet member responsible for agriculture, she helped draft the Agricultural Labor Relations Act and then set about enforcing it. Money is being syphoned out of the Central Valley and Imperial Valley for ads and a direct mail campaign against her.

The third branch of the anti-Bird movement is the GOP state central committee executive group. After a decorous, noncontroversial state convention had adjourned this fall, the executive group met secretly to take some decidedly controversial positions, the anti-Bird stance being the hottest. Republicans have been exhorting party members ever since to vote "no" on the Chief Justice's confirmation.

Bird irritates the law-and-order Right because her career has centered on service as a public defender and as a lecturer in law at Stanford University, and because she has openly opposed the death penalty, as has Governor Brown. Despite her frequent assurances that she views a judge's responsibility as lying within the confines of existing law, not personal preferences, she has been seized upon as a symbol of "liberal" (i.e., "soft") approaches to the law. Because she has moved court personnel around in untraditional ways, older judges find her disquieting. Some see a sexist bias in the opposition; some dwell on her lack of judicial experience. None of these individual frictions quite explains the concentrated fire. It begins to seem that she serves as a scapegoat for those who find Brown himself politically unassailable.

The Governor has put his mark on the state principally by his appointments, and in the judiciary, especially, that mark constitutes an opening up of opportunity for blacks, Mexican-Americans and women. He has, for instance, named fifty-five women judges, among 397 judicial appointments. When he named Bird Chief Justice, he coupled her appointment with that of a black, Wiley Manuel, as an assistant attorney general. If Bird is denied her post by a majority of "no" votes—something that has never happened to appellate judges in state history—it would be a telling blow against Brown himself, and his policy of encouraging minorities.

However, offensive television ads prepared by the "Law and Order Committee" and rejected by some stations on the ground of "bad taste" may work in Chief Justice Bird's favor. One of them shows a dramatization of a rape in an elevator, such as occurred in a notorious case, *People* v. *Daniel Caudillo*. The thirty-second episode emphasizes the horror of the crime and suggests the Chief Justice be rejected. It has, so Bird supporters contend to the state's television stations, "misrepresented" her position. With the court majority she found that Caudillo's crime, though shocking and horrible, was nevertheless under the law "forcible rape," but not the more aggravated "rape with bodily harm." In her separate concurring opinion, the Chief Justice noted that the court was bound by clear definitions in the law, but expressed the hope that the legislature would toughen penalties for rape. They have done so. But the implication in the ad is that the Chief Justice was "soft" on the crime. A second ad shows children being bused for racial integration, and suggests a responsibility on her part for Supreme Court mandates about busing that long predate her appointment. Committees formed to support the Chief Justice—largely lawyers' and women's groups—are trying to keep the ads off the air. Since Bird refrains from any involvement in the campaign herself, it becomes difficult for supporters to offer a positive countering message.

It is amusing that Jess Unruh, who years back coined the phrase, "Money is the mother's milk of politics," is now California state treasurer and so comfortably ensconced he hasn't had to spend much more than $20,000 on his re-election. His seat, Controller Kenneth Cory's and that of Secretary of State March Fong Eu are all tidily secure.

By contrast, the office of lieutenant governor is the most precarious for Democrats. Mervyn Dymally, four years ago a Los Angeles state Senator and an industrious political "pro," has made much of his election as lieutenant governor because he is black, but he has never been more than legally close to the Governor's office. Brown's snubs and cold-shoulder treatment have eroded his base. However, a boost in voter turnout in the minority communities, which Brown has worked to insure, might edge Dymally in.

Democrats who currently count Dymally a burden on the ticket would consider his Republican opponent, Mike Curb, even more a liability two years hence, should an opportunity in the Presidential lists open up for Brown. Curb is, on the surface, a GOP dream. He is handsome, genial, energetic, attractive on television, wealthy and out of the Hollywood entertainment world. He is backed by Reagan's Southern California fund raisers, has generous help from the real estate industry and even from the Republican National Committee. His shortcoming is that most of him is, indeed, on the surface. He is a self-made success in entertainment music, developer of his own record company from which a sizable chunk of his campaign funds have been borrowed. The Mervin Field poll gave Curb a 2% lead over Dymally in early October, while the *Los Angeles Times* poll turned it narrowly around. Dymally might fall. Only a Democratic sweep could save him.

The livelier and more interesting contest concerns the attorney general spot that Younger is vacating. Here a clear measure can be taken of the electorate's commitment to hard-line "law-and-order" conservatism versus liberal views. Governor Brown may fuzz his philosophical lines but the rivals for attorney general are type-cast. The Republican contender is George Deukmejian, a state Senator from Long Beach who has earned recognition for a stern "tough-on-crime" posture. He wrote the present death penalty law (enacted over Brown's veto) and

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sponsored other measures such as mandatory prison for crimes committed with a gun, for rape and for violent assaults on the elderly. Law-enforcement circles back him enthusiastically and he appeals to a large segment of the citizenry, alarmed by violence.

Necessarily, law and order plays a part also in the campaign rhetoric of his rival, but the differences in emphasis come through clearly. The Democratic candidate is Rep. Yvonne Brathwaite Burke, who served her political apprenticeship in the state legislature and is well known throughout California. She is a strikingly good-looking black woman whose political identity is clearly liberal. Deukmejian likes to taunt her about her membership in the American Civil Liberties Union, and she likes to stress her concern for consumer fraud and crime prevention, rather than penalties for crime. She has a strong base with feminists and minority communities, but more than many other party candidates she also enjoys support from the conventional sources of Democratic strength in California—labor unions, the liberal Jewish community in Los Angeles, the leftish San Francisco-Berkeley region and the solid core of party faithful. She is a Democrat without compromise, Deukmejian an arch-conservative Republican without compromise. At mid-summer there was only a dime-thin difference between them in popularity, but Burke has pulled slightly ahead in the latest polls.

It is interesting that the two closest races involve blacks on the Democratic side. Should both win, the roster of California's seven major constitutional officers will show four members of minority races: three blacks (the nonpartisan state superintendent of schools, Wilson Riles, was the first black to gain top state office) and one Chinese-American. □

ARTICLES.

CONGRESS WATCH

The Shifting Alliances

PHILIP BRENNER

In recent years, three groups have emerged out of Congressional involvement in U.S.-Latin American policy: human rights progressives, multinationalists and small-business conservatives. Depending on the issue, they have tended to forge three different alliances, and these have accounted for some of the shifts in Congressional policy.

In the case of a country like Chile, where gross violations of human rights occur, where political repression has also created a climate unfavorable to investment, and where there is a "moderate" alternative to the military dictatorship, the human rights progressives have been able to join with the multinationalists to cut off economic and military aid. In this first alliance, the progressives emphasize the human rights violations, while the multinationalists—who tend to reflect the views of large corporations and banks that have interests in these countries—focus on the economic situation.

A second alliance, that of the progressives with the small-business conservatives, has been built around opposition to the operations of the World Bank and other international financial institutions. Human rights advocates like Clarence Long (D., Md.), chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee on Foreign Operations, criticize the development banks for failing "to provide assistance to the poorest sectors of developing societies." Members of Congress who reflect small-business interests will often support this position, partly because of their constituencies' ideological opposition to government spending, and partly because the banks have aided the development of industries that compete with small producers in the United States.

But the small-business conservatives' traditional suspicion of multinationalists evaporates when a Latin American country appears to be headed too far leftward. In the case of Nicaragua, for example, the multinationalists and small-business conservatives have joined forces against a common enemy, communism, while human rights incantations fall on deaf ears.

These shifting alliances have contributed to a confusing pattern in Congressional foreign policy that makes no one happy. In 1974 the Linowitz Commission—headed by Sol Linowitz, former chairman of Xerox, former Ambassador to the Organization of American States and a partner in the international law firm of Coudert Brothers—anxiously painted a picture of "reduced Latin American 'dependence' on the United States," as the countries there "have entered much more prominently than ever on the world scene as independent actors."

One obstacle to the development of a new relationship with Latin America, the commission declared, was our outmoded policy toward Cuba. Several Latin American countries had re-established trade and diplomatic relations with Cuba, and they saw U.S. hostility toward its nearest Caribbean neighbor as a vestige of the imperial past. In speaking thus the Linowitz Commission was reflecting a concern of the multinational corporations. Sen. Jacob Javits of New York, the ranking Republican on the Foreign Relations Committee, is often described as a watchdog of multinational interests in the Senate. So it is understandable that in September 1974, he, along with Sen. Claiborne Pell (D., R.I.), traveled to Cuba, the first U.S. officials to

Philip Brenner teaches political science at the University of Maryland, Baltimore County. He is completing a book, to be called Beyond Capitol Hill: A Political Economy of Congress.

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make such a trip since relations were severed in 1961. In the following year several similar visits by other members of Congress helped develop a public opinion favorable to renewed relations.

That was four years ago. At a Senate hearing on October 4 of this year, Senator Javits warned that "we need to be very wary about another Castroite development in Nicaragua." Despite testimony to the contrary, he characterized the Sandinistas, who have taken up arms against the Somoza regime, as "heavily Marxist," and so a group which presents us with "a danger."

It is confusing that Javits could both visit Fidel Castro in Cuba and denounce as "Castroite" the struggle in Nicaragua. But the Senator's current position must be viewed against the background of developments in Congress on the Nicaraguan crisis. On the one side seventy-eight Representatives signed a letter calling on President Carter to do his "utmost to demonstrate the support of the United States Government" for Somoza. On the other side, more than eighty-six members of Congress, in a letter to Secretary of State Vance, urged that the administration halt "all aid to the Nicaraguan Government until the armed conflict is resolved and the Nicaraguan people are permitted to work, through peaceful means, to re-establish representative government." In the context of this debate Senator Javits's anti-Sandinista comments make evident a major problem confronting those who favor a human rights approach to U.S.-Latin American policy: the shifting alliances in the Congress.

The shifts affect all interests. Consider the multinationalist agenda. In its second report, released in December 1976, to set a Latin American course for the new administration, the Linowitz Commission identified four major goals. First, it favored a new Canal Treaty with Panama; second, it advocated that the United States "reopen a process of normalizing relations with Cuba"; third, it urged that the United States take the lead in increasing the capitalization of the World Bank and the Inter-American Development Bank, to help Latin American countries meet their loan obligations and expand imports; fourth, it proposed that Congress permit OPEC members which did not participate in the 1974 oil embargo to obtain a favorable position under the generalized system of tariff preferences (GSP). This last was urged principally on behalf of Venezuela.

In response to these multinational interests, the Senate passed the Panama Canal Treaties. On Cuba, the Congress has been divided, with the opponents of normalization gaining the upper hand after Ethiopia, with Cuban help, repelled a Somali invasion. In mid-October Congress finally approved an increase of U.S. funds to the World Bank, but at only half the level requested by the administration. And Venezuela was denied GSP status, despite pleas from the Executive. Thus, the multinationalists won one, lost one, and gained a middle ground on the other two.

Similarly, human rights progressives can claim a mixed record of victories. Aid to Chile and Argentina was cut off, and the Congress approved amendments to aid bills which required that U.S.

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representatives to some international financial institutions vote against loans to gross violators of human rights. But progressives were unable to get human rights provisions included in legislation governing the International Monetary Fund and Export-Import Bank. They also lost fights in several instances—notably on economic aid to Nicaragua—to deny aid to countries where consistent patterns of torture, kidnapping and the unwarranted detention of citizens have been documented.

The Congress may thus send confusing signals not only to foreign regimes but even to the President. It is likely to continue to do so as long as the present system of alliances holds and issues are shaped in this way. For human rights activists the strategy should be clear: they must prevent issues from being defined in terms of anti-communism, because when that happens their allies quickly vanish. □

PISTOL JUSTICE

White Cops And Chicano Corpses

TOM MILLER

"Someone's going to get shot," Domingo Sanchez said matter of factly after a call came over the car radio from the U.S. Border Patrol station at Chula Vista. We were driving along a dirt road that divides Mexico from the United States, and now saw a black car, about half a mile away, pause to pick up people on the U.S. side. Sanchez took off in pursuit, caught up with the car and motioned it over. As the driver handed Sanchez his I.D. a second Border Patrol agent arrived. Then another man in the black car, a Mexican, instead of showing identification, slowly pulled out a gun. Sanchez quickly drew his service revolver and aimed it steadily at the man's head. The less experienced agent did the same, and as his arms began to shake, yelled at the Mexican, "Put that gun down or I'll blow your fuckin' head off." The armed passenger seemed bemused by the situation and held on to his weapon, twisting and turning it for a long five seconds. He finally put it down.

Later, after the undocumented Mexicans who were the cause of this drama had been processed, Sanchez and two other agents talked about it. "You shoulda iced him, Mingo; you shoulda shot him," said one. "If you can get away with it, go ahead," offered the other. "Yeah," Sanchez replied. "I shoulda shot him; no, I shouldn'ta."

Bloodshed along the 2,000-mile border with Mexico comes in many forms. The migrant Mexicans are prey to violence from racist ranchers, from inexperienced, trigger-talking Border Patrol agents and from their fellow countrymen. In the Chula Vista incident, it turned out the weapon was an air gun, and unloaded at that. The Border Patrol, operating in "the combat zone" between Tijuana and San Diego, neither causes nor can it solve the troubles that confront the masses of Mexican immigrants who cross America's lower boundary, but it is always on the edge of violence.

Violence on the southern frontier is simply the overt symptom of a general and disturbing pattern of brutality against Latinos in the Southwest. When it occurs, the question of whether the victim is a Mexican national or Mexican-American is merely statistical, one more digit in the numbers different groups bandy about. Seven years ago the U.S. Civil Rights Commission asserted that "there is evidence of widespread patterns of police misconduct against Mexican-Americans in the Southwest." Recently *Nuestro* magazine reported that since 1974 police misconduct complaints filed by Latinos with the Justice Department have *increased* by 20%. Today they account for fully 44% of such complaints. Although a few of these accusations are made against the Border Patrol, they are aimed for the most part against cops—the rural and city police. And if the action taken by the U.S. Justice Department in these matters falls short of what the situation demands, it is largely because of Ruben Sandoval, a San Antonio civil rights lawyer, that there is any action at all. More than any other individual, Sandoval has prodded federal authorities into prosecuting cases of police brutality

Tom Miller is working on a book about conflict and culture along the U.S.-Mexico border, to be published by Harper & Row. He is the author of The Assassination Please Almanac, *about the murder of John F. Kennedy.*

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against Chicanos.

It was a 1975 incident that first got the Justice Department involved. Ricardo Morelos of Castroville, Texas, was arrested by a local cop, Frank Hayes, driven out into the country, and killed. Hayes's wife stuffed the body into the trunk of her car and buried it on a friend's farm. Hayes was convicted of aggravated assault and given a sentence which made him eligible for parole in two years. His wife was fined $49.50 for a misdemeanor—"tampering with evidence." Attorney Sandoval convinced then-Attorney General Edward Levi that "dual prosecution" was appropriate in such cases. He argued that the Justice Department should institute prosecution for violation of civil rights, a federal offense, when state criminal proceedings are insufficient. Levi approved the idea, but left its implementation to his successor. One of Griffin Bell's first public actions was to issue a memorandum informing his prosecutors that "regardless of whatever related enforcement action has been taken by the states. . .each and every allegation of a violation of the civil rights laws shall be evaluated on its own merits. . . ."

Since that memo was issued, Justice has prosecuted only two such cases. In the Castroville incident Frank Hayes was convicted in federal court and received a life sentence. The other prosecution grew out of the celebrated incident in Houston where three city police were responsible for the death of Joe Campos Torres, a Chicano whose body was found in a bayou after police had picked him up in a bar. State prosecution had led to one-year suspended sentences for a misdemeanor of "criminally negligent homicide." Earlier this year the three were found guilty in federal court for violating Torres's civil rights. Federal District Court Judge Ross Sterling gave them one-year sentences.

The Torres case is a blatant, but hardly unusual, example of police brutality against Latinos. "A reign of terror has descended on Chicano communities throughout the Southwest," says the Mexican-American Legal Defense Fund (MALDEF), a national organization that has catalogued the incidents. "There is an epidemic of violence and hatred directed against Mexican-Americans." To support its claim, MALDEF has shown Griffin Bell documentation of scores of the grisly cases, with many more on the way. (See box.) The defense fund has asked the Carter administration (and the United Nations Commission for Human Rights) to step in. "Federal intervention is needed," explains MALDEF attorney Al Perez, "because there has been a major collapse of the local and state prosecutional and judicial authorities in protecting the civil, constitutional and human rights of Mexican-Americans."

Although the Justice Department has won the two cases where it has intervened, it has scarcely taken the initiative. Attorney Sandoval, for one, thinks it can do much more. "The memorandum is there, but the spirit is lacking," he laments. "Drew Days [head of the Civil Rights Division] has been hedging quite a bit. We've had to burn the back of his ass to get him to move! We're not asking them to prosecute every case in the country. All we're asking is that they prosecute those cases where you have such horrendous circumstances involving police offenders."

One piece of pending legislation that could help victims is Maryland Sen. Charles Mathias's Civil Rights Improvement bill, which permits lawsuits against towns, counties and states for acts committed by their law officers. Another small, but significant, change in the law is to be found in the pending Senate Criminal Code Reform Bill No. 1437 (best known as "Senate Bill One" in previous years). The new bill calls for protection of "people" rather than "citizens," a subtle difference that may extend protection to undocumented aliens. The bill cleared the Senate in the 95th Congress, but the House did not take action. A similar bill will almost certainly be introduced in the 96th Congress.

The number of reported incidents of Latinos killed by cops may still be small, but it is slowly rising. And meanwhile the much more common practice of knocking them around flourishes. Talking of his youth in south Texas, one middle-aged Chicano recently said, "We grew up in fear of *la migra* 'cause when they questioned you, they slapped you around and *then* they questioned you. I never had that problem personally, but most people I knew did. It was that way up until just about six or seven years ago, really." The speaker was agent Domingo

LATINO VICTIMS OF POLICE VIOLENCE

The following are some of the brutality cases now being considered by the Justice Department:

- Danny Vasquez, a 17-year-old high school student, was shot last January by an El Paso (Texas) sheriff's deputy in a dance-hall parking lot. Vasquez had been trying to cool down a confrontation when the deputy's 12-gauge shotgun blasted into his chest at point-blank range.
- Jose Sinohui, 24, who was driving his pickup away from a disturbance at a fast-food restaurant, died when a South Tucson officer, Christopher Dean, fired seven bullets his way. Dean, one of forty cops on the scene of the July 1977 incident, later asserted that Sinohui was attempting to run him over, and that the shots were aimed at the truck's tires. Most witnesses dispute this account. Sinohui died immediately of a bullet in his back. Dean, who claimed "justifiable homicide," was acquitted by an all-Anglo jury.
- Juan Zepeda, found in a Bexar (Texas) County jail cell in February 1977, had been arrested during a barroom disturbance, was blackjacked by two cops and, when delivered to jail, was thrown into a cell and there kicked and beaten to death by the guards.
- The body of Larry Lozano, 27, was covered with ninety-two injuries when it was turned over by prison authorities to the coroner. An inquest found the death "accidental," after Ector County (Texas) law-enforcement officials said the wounds were self-inflicted. The death occurred, said the jailers, while they were trying to restrain Lozano during a violent outburst.

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Sanchez of the Chula Vista Border Patrol.

For others, roughing up didn't stop a few years ago; it continues today. It is a situation with striking parallels to the civil rights movement of a decade ago, and strong action will be needed from federal authorities, influential and sensitive community leaders, aggressive lawyers, and an awakened public before random violence against Latinos is stopped in the Southwest. It won't be an easy victory, and it won't come soon. □

LOUSY LAWYERS; LAXER JUDGES

Putting the Ball In Burger's Court

MONROE H. FREEDMAN

Chief Justice Warren Burger has been complaining for more than a decade that "from one-third to one-half of the lawyers who appear in serious cases are not really qualified to render fully adequate representation." We may quibble about his statistics, but cannot deny the substance of the Chief Justice's complaint, which is being reviewed by an American Bar Association Commission established last August. A significant amount of assistance by counsel is ineffective, and that situation is intolerable, both professionally and constitutionally. Under Canon 6 of the ABA's Code of Professional Responsibility, "A Lawyer Should Represent a Client Competently," and under the Sixth Amendment to the Constitution, criminal defendants are entitled to the effective assistance of counsel.

The Chief Justice's principal cure for lawyer incompetence would be to certify lawyers in their specialties, the process to begin with trial lawyers. That proposal could be used to delay entry into the profession of young lawyers dedicated to public interest litigation—an area of practice with which the Chief Justice, by coincidence, is particularly unsympathetic.

There is a special irony, too, in Chief Justice Burger's insistence upon higher standards for law practice. It reminds me of my father's friend Moe, whose opinions on immigration were such, my father once said, that if Moe had arrived in this country before his father, and if Moe's views had prevailed, Moe's father would never have been allowed to enter. Similarly, if the Chief Justice's restrictive views had been adopted before he entered the bar, young Burger, the graduate of an unaccredited night law school in Minnesota, might never have had the chance to become Chief Justice of the United States.

Moreover, before we swallow the cure of certifying lawyer specialization, several crucial questions should be answered. Who will do the certifying? Who will certify the certifiers? What will the standards be? How will exploitation of young lawyers (compelled to serve as apprentices to older lawyers) be avoided? What will be done to eliminate inadequate advocates from the ranks of "experienced" members of the bar (obviously, current complaints are directed against those already in practice)?

With reference to the last point, one-third to one-half of the members of the New York State Trial Lawyers Association may be incompetent (as the Chief Justice's figures suggest), but they certainly are not stupid. Hard upon Chief Justice Burger's call for certification, the NYSTLA proposed a certification program. As you might expect, it included a grandfather clause, which would in effect make certification unnecessary for attorneys already in practice—the very lawyers whose past performance has given rise to the idea that certification is needed.

One of the oddest aspects of the current certification suggestion is the emphasis on trial lawyers, the group whom the Chief Justice and others have urged should be certified first. It surely cannot be believed that the level of competence is higher among the large majority of lawyers who never go to court—those who sit at their desks and draft wills, plan estates, write contracts, counsel on business ventures, or prepare tax returns. In fact, in one critically important respect the litigating attorney is the lawyer *least* in need of certification, because only the litigating attorney operates in what the Chief Justice has called the "goldfish bowl" of the courtroom, under close and constant scrutiny by the public, other attorneys, and—most important—by the judges themselves.

Which brings me to my main point. If one-third to one-half of the litigating lawyers are inadequate, and if it "happens regularly" that attorneys are unable to handle criminal cases assigned to them, and if Chief Justice Burger in two decades on the bench has indeed seen hundreds, if not thousands, of "miscarriages of justice" caused by incompetent lawyers, then who is best able to do something about it? Who, in fact, has a responsibility to do something about it?

The answer is self-evident. Chief Justice Burger and his colleagues on the bench have both the opportunity to observe litigating attorneys and the obligation to take remedial measures against incompetent representation. Both the Code of Professional Responsibility and the Constitution require that counsel be competent and effective. (Indeed, under Canon 7, counsel must also be "zealous.") Under the ABA Code of Judicial Conduct, a judge is required specifically to initiate appropriate disciplinary action against a lawyer for any unprofessional conduct of which the judge may become aware. The Code of Professional Responsibility also requires lawyers (including judges) to report violations of disciplinary rules.

Despite those clear obligations (and similar requirements under the previous canons), neither

Monroe Freedman is author of Lawyers' Ethics in an Adversary System *(Bobbs-Merrill, 1975).*

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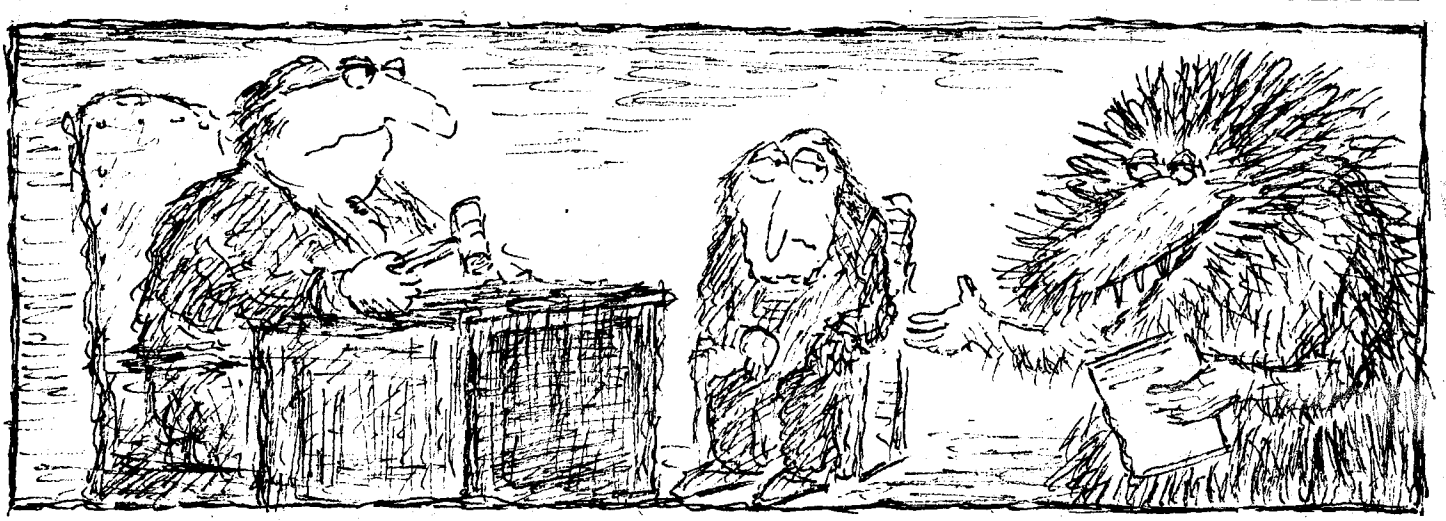

the Chief Justice nor hardly any other judge has accepted that fundamental responsibility. In fact, they have tended to go in precisely the opposite direction. Courts place such a "heavy burden" upon a defendant complaining of ineffective assistance of counsel, that numerous cases undoubtedly are never appealed, and in virtually all that are appealed, the inadequate attorney is "vindicated."

In some courts the client's heavy burden requires proof not merely of ineffective or incompetent counsel but that counsel was "horribly inept." Nothing less will do than evidence that the trial was a "farce and mockery." Granted, if a defendant's attorney was demonstrably "mentally incapacitated and of unsound mind," that "may" be grounds for reversal—but lunacy does not assure it.

In one case, the defendant's attorney did not have an office, was a chronic alcoholic, and had to be summoned to court by a bench warrant. Since the panel on appeal was one of the most liberal in the country, the defendant had the satisfaction of one dissenting vote in his favor when his conviction was affirmed.

Some courts have replaced the "farce and mockery" rule with a "reasonable competency" of counsel standard. Generally, however, those same courts require a showing of prejudice—which must be established, of course, on the basis of a record that was initially made by the attorney charged with incompetence. In a case in which defense counsel appeared to be sound asleep during the direct testimony of prosecution witnesses, the conviction was nevertheless affirmed. The court specifically found a lack of prejudice, because "the testimony during the periods of counsel's somnolence was not central to [the accused's] case. . . ."

In a 1972 decision, with Chief Justice Burger in the majority, the Supreme Court declined an opportunity to provide standards for minimum competency in litigation. Dissenting from the denial of certiorari, Justice Byron R. White, joined by Justice William H. Rehnquist, wrote that the Supreme Court was "shirk[ing] its central responsibility as the court of last resort, particularly its function in the administration of criminal justice. . ."

Further insight into the problem of incompetent attorneys and judicial irresponsibility is provided by a "decertification" practice in the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York. A Criminal Justice Act Panel composed of federal judges has notified some attorneys that their handling of cases has been so bad that they will not be assigned others. Yet no defendants represented by any of those lawyers have ever had their convictions vacated on that ground (which should be done automatically), nor have any such defendants even been informed of the judges' opinion of their counsels' performance.

Unhappily, therefore, one is forced to conclude that too many judges are concerned about incompetence because of its effect on their calendars, and not because of lawyers' ethics or clients' constitutional rights. The Chief Justice has in fact pointed to incompetence as "one of the major reasons for congestion and delay in courts." As long as that continues to be the prevailing judicial concern, it is unlikely that judges will risk possible retrials by identifying instances of incompetence.

What is needed is that judges assume the obligations expressed in the former Canons of Judicial Ethics: "to criticize and correct unprofessional conduct" and "to support the federal Constitution and . . . fearlessly observe and apply fundamental . . . guarantees." The Chief Justice, who claims to have seen innumerable miscarriages of justice resulting from incompetence of counsel, but who appears to have taken no corrective action in any of them, might therefore look closer to home for the best cure for his complaint. □

Bonn Caper

(Continued from Front Cover)

whatsoever with the adjacent German state. Hoping to alleviate the repressiveness and rigidity of the East Berlin regime, they multiplied dealings with it. "Change through closer contact" was their intent, and they extended this tactic to the Warsaw Pact states. The West Germans were firm supporters of Kis-

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singer's design for detente. West Germany had much to gain, they held, from an enduring coexistence between the superpowers. This did not prevent them from insisting on a far greater degree of German autonomy in foreign policy than the United States was used to—or than many of our policy makers liked. Their commitment to NATO was not in doubt; however, they did view the North Atlantic Treaty as a treaty, not as the Tablets of the Law.

The Christian Democratic and Christian Social parties found all these developments hard to take. They could not shake their conviction that they alone had a God-given right to power. That the Social Democrats claimed to represent the national interest (and, worse yet, in three elections had convinced a majority of the voters that they did so) was little short of blasphemy. The opposition seized upon the government's policy toward the Communist German state as proof of the softness, indeed affinity, of the Social Democrats for communism. They criticized detente with the Soviet Union in terms very close to those used by our hawks, with whom they made common cause. The German opposition parties, some of the German generals, and a considerable segment of our National Security apparatus share a distrust of the Social Democrats. The opposition, however, had no coherent alternative course to propose; it was particularly delighted, therefore, when the discovery of an East German spy on his personal staff led Brandt to resign. That Brandt may have been deliberately embarrassed by German security officials connected with the opposition parties is possible. In any event, the opposition in Germany has all too often resorted to defamation and harassment, accusing the Social Democrats of lack of loyalty to both the nation and the West—loyalty in this case being defined by the opposition.

Egon Bahr, the Social Democrat who as one of Brandt's ministers conceived the new policy toward Eastern Europe, has been attacked with extraordinary frequency. In recent months, the opposition insisted that there was a new and more sinister Bahr plan—an unacknowledged sequel to the first one. A Social Democratic Germany was to consolidate its influence in a Western Europe ruled by British Labourites, French Socialists and—far worse—Italian Communists. (That the Christian Democrats in Italy work with the Communists is a fact so painful that it is not mentioned.) Then would follow the gradual withdrawal from NATO of West Germany, if not of all Western Europe. In return, the Soviet Union would loosen its hold on Communist Germany and on Eastern Europe. The Kremlin, however, would have little reason to worry—after all, Social Democrats, Socialists and Euro-Communists were, objectively, allies of totalitarians, if not themselves covert totalitarians. The Christian Democratic and Christian Social leaders shuttled tirelessly to Washington to tell anyone who would listen that the Social Democrats were unreliable allies. The longer the parties remained in opposition, the shriller their warnings became.

They were not without an audience. Last January, one German visitor found a White House adviser who expressed himself as troubled by the "self-Finlandization" of the Federal Republic. (The reference, apparently, was to the German Government's explicit doubts about a direct challenge to the Soviet Union on issues like human rights.) The German Government protested, and the usual correction followed. De Borchgrave returned to the charge in the spring, accusing Schmidt of eliminating remarks critical of the Soviet Union from the transcript of an interview. By then, the German opposition had intensified its campaign at home—pointing in pious dismay to American doubts which, of course, it had sedulously cultivated and enthusiastically reported.

Bahr was, again, the target. He had gone to Moscow in May to prepare for Brezhnev's visit to Bonn some weeks later. He was there again in July—to help Willy Brandt enlist Soviet interest in the panel on world poverty that Brandt now heads. These visits to Moscow were portrayed as overt acts in a conspiracy to undermine Germany's security.

At the end of July, foreign journalists again took up the attack. Robert Moss recounted the opposition's charges in a dispatch to the *Daily Telegraph* of London. The same tale, attributed to "political sources in Europe," was carried by Evans and Novak. Germany's alliance with the West, the opposition press declared, was in serious danger: It cited these reports as evidence of the hazard. The country faced a political turning point in the Hessian elections, where a loss by the coalition parties would mean the beginning of the end for the government. The opposition itself had suffered an embarrassment in the summer. Hans Filbinger, head of state in Baden-Wurttemberg, and one of the most outspoken proponents of law and order, was chased from office after his murderous record as a wartime military judge came to light. Nevertheless, the opposition was for some weeks so convinced that a return to national office was in sight that its leaders dampened their habitual denigration of one another to concentrate on the Social Democrats.

Norman Birnbaum, professor of sociology at Amherst College, is a frequent visitor to Germany.

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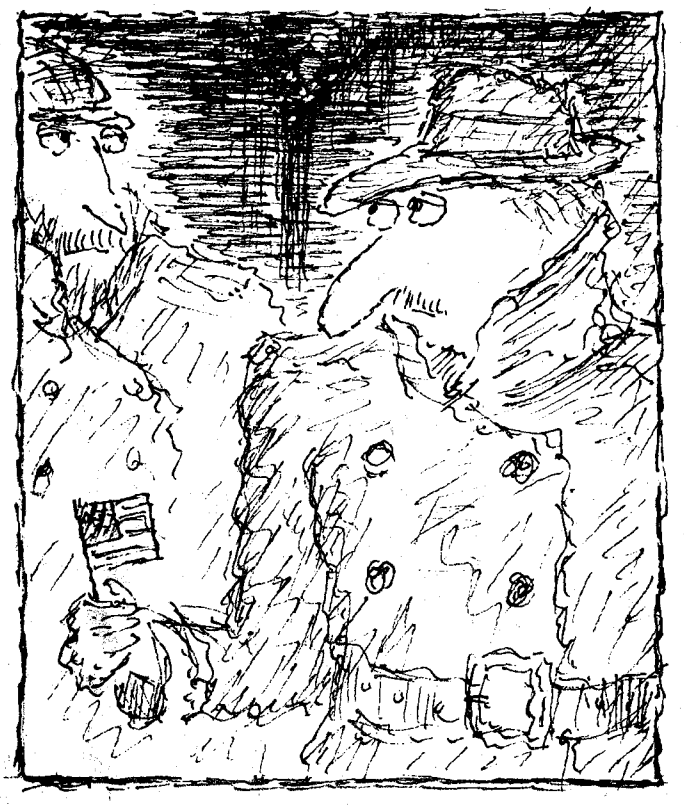
The Moss dispatch to the *Telegraph* was published on July 31, and the column by Evans and Novak on August 11. What was clearly intended to be the climax of the drama had in the meantime begun. On July 28, the Romanian Deputy Chief of State Security defected when in Germany and placed himself at the disposal of the CIA. The CIA promptly informed the Germans that he had identified two Soviet spies in Bonn. One was the young Social Democratic Deputy, Uwe Holtz. The other was Bahr's chief of staff, Joachim Broudre-Groeger. The names got to the opposition press about as quickly as they reached the judicial authorities. On September 1, a special session of the Bundestag revoked Holtz's parliamentary immunity.

The opposition acted as if it had struck gold. With the Hessian election but five weeks away, the Social Democrats would be forced to admit that their party was open to Soviet penetration—and that they were unfit to govern. Nearly a decade of office, however, had given the Social Democrats some command over the German intelligence services. The government was able to satisfy itself, rather rapidly, that the Romanian story was indeed authentic—but in the tradition of folklore that has given us Dracula and Frankenstein. Within three weeks, the judicial process pronounced the two accused "agents" free of any Kremlin taint. The opposition lacked the courage of its own want of conviction, and did not persist in charges of whitewash. The Hessian elections have since come and gone, and the governmental coalition has won. The Christian Democratic and Christian Social Parties seem unable to convince enough Germans that they are the ones fit to govern.

Large questions remain, however, for Americans.



That journalists like Evans and Novak, and de Borchgrave, will collaborate with the German Right is not surprising; they are loyal comrades of those in our own National Security apparatus who think in the same terms. However, some of the linkages are rather striking. Robert Moss, the British (or, rather, Australian) journalist in question has a singular biography. One of his *chefs-d'oeuvre* was a hastily written smear of Allende, commissioned after the overthrow of Chilean democracy, by a London publishing house identified by Rep. Don Edwards of California as a CIA front. The four elements of the campaign (charges of the German opposition parties, alarmed reports by foreign journalists, large headlines in the German press, and "confirmation" of a plot by a CIA double agent) need not have been coordinated. They may merely appear so.

Willy Brandt, at any rate, has his doubts. He asked for, and got, from the American Government a statement declaring that it had no misgivings about the Social Democrats. His own words on the subject are as follows: "Isn't it remarkable that for years we have encountered traces of the same ring—a ring which systematically purveys 'disinformation' and which is closely tied to the right wing of the opposition, particularly the Christian Social Union? It is possible to speak of this development as a conspiracy.

"Since the beginning of this campaign, the American secret services have been mentioned. That was why a public statement by the American Government was urgently necessary. We will not allow the Federal Republic to be misused for activities which do not serve the unity of the West, but which harm it. Those who are so inclined may understand this as a warning."

Brandt is not, after all, a junior German professor shocked by his first look at the underside of international politics. He has complete access to the governmental resources of a major state. The euphemism, "disinformation," in his statement was drawn, of course, from our own Congressional descriptions of the *modus operandi* of the CIA. Are elements of the CIA (with or without collaboration from General Haig's NATO command, which dislikes some Social Democratic defense policies) pursuing a covert foreign policy in Germany? Perhaps the Congressional committees that oversee intelligence could look into the matter.

Sooner or later, the German question will again be on the agenda of world politics. The Social Democrats do have long-range aims. A transformation of the Communist regime in East Germany, to be begun by an attenuation of its severity, and the gradual reduction of the Soviet military presence in central Europe, are in the German national interest. It is at least plausible that ultimately they would be in our interest as well. The German Right denounces such thoughts as treason. It is a pity that our hawks are neither delicate nor perspicacious in their choice of allies. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

A History of Wasted Opportunities

HENRY FONER

THE NORTH WILL RISE AGAIN: Pensions, Politics & Power in the 1980s. *By Jeremy Rifkin and Randy Barber (People's Business Commission). Beacon Press. 232 pp. $10.95. Paper $4.95.*

By one of those coincidences that make life unfathomable, I began to read *The North Will Rise Again* directly after "putting to bed" two depressing stories for our union newspaper. Both had to do with plant closings—one in Brooklyn, N.Y. and the other in Easton, Pa.—and in both cases, the company, while closing down in the North, was continuing to operate in the Sunbelt—one in Columbia, S.C., and the other in Dallas, Texas.

The reader will therefore understand that the thrust of Rifkin and Barber's extremely valuable work—that both the unions and the state and municipal governments of the North and Midwest (what they term the "Graybelt") are experiencing a constant loss of jobs and lifeblood to the Sunbelt and countries abroad—fell on highly receptive ears. Especially fitting is their characterization, late in the book, which graphically describes so many shutdowns, including our own:

> Organized labor and the Graybelt states share the same plight as colonies the world over. Namely, it is their own native resources that have been used to create that capital and that lifeline in the first place. Now their colonial masters—the private business community—are moving on to exploit new colonies, using the wealth they extracted from each as the major weapon in their drive for new conquests. . . .

Notwithstanding these personal circumstances, let it be said without qualification that the labor movement and all socially minded Americans owe Rifkin and Barber a tremendous debt of gratitude for striking out into and charting a new field of great concern to working people. I say "new" not because the elements of the situation have just entered upon the scene but rather because nowhere, heretofore, have they been gathered together, put down in one place, and used to formulate a cogent, even if in some aspects questionable, course of action. The story that Rifkin and Barber tell needs telling. Briefly, it is this:

For decades the public and private pension funds that have been accumulated for the retirement years of the great mass of American workers have been controlled and manipulated by so-called "investment advisers"—banks, insurance companies, and counselors—who have used them to frustrate the interests of the very beneficiaries they were supposed to serve. Thus, instead of directing investments to companies that have civilized labor policies and some consideration for the needs and aspirations of urban America, they have been used instead to bolster the non- (and anti-) union Neanderthals, the polluters, the "runaways," the friends of compliant dictators and the enemies of an enlightened labor movement.

Nor is that all. Even the so-called "expertise" of these fund managers has turned out to be as fraudulent as their social policies. In short, the money managers have managed badly, although, Lord knows, they have certainly succeeded in erecting a mountain of "mumbo jumbo" designed to both frighten and convince lay personnel (the union leaders) that theirs was a delicate and dangerous terrain where only Citibank, Manufacturers Hanover and Connecticut General dared tread. In some respects, they followed in the footsteps of an earlier breed of "experts"—the actuaries—who created their own "mumbo jumbo" to ward off potential intruders. My own indoctrination in this process came early. In 1954, I was administering a pension fund of a small, then-declining local of rabbit-dressing workers and we decided to "activate" it and start paying benefits. We turned our census figures, along with all other relevant data, over to our actuary (who shall remain nameless, since revealing it might result in toppling an empire). Our man returned and informed us solemnly that we could pay normal benefits of $19 per month. "Nineteen dollars!" we all exclaimed incredulously. "That's impossible! We've got to do better than that!"

"What did you have in mind?" asked our figure bearer. We thought of another local fund that had been activated two years earlier and ventured, "At least $25." "Give me back the figures," said our accommodating friend, "and let's see what we can do."

A week later, he was back: "We went over the figures again—and what do you think? We find that the fund can support a $25 benefit."

So much for "expertise."

And yet, it is positively amazing how trade union leaders, who generally fancy themselves to be experts on practically everything, could permit themselves to be browbeaten into turning over control of this treasure house of power to advisers who could hardly be expected to be responsive to the needs of workers or of the movement that represents them. But this is exactly what has happened. My own predecessor in office—Sam Burt—was one of the genuine pioneers in the left-wing, progressive trade union movement, and yet, when it came to managing pension fund investments, he adopted a strictly "hands-off" policy, leaving all the critical decisions to the employers. Certainly there was an understandable desire not to be open to any charge of promoting special interests—but I suspect that the truth is that neither Burt nor his contemporaries grasped the potential that these investments represented for promoting the very causes to which he and they had devoted their lives.

Now, thanks to Barber and Rifkin, no trade union leader can plead such ignorance. The story is laid out for all of us to read and to weep over the years of wasted opportunities. Nor does their boldness and daring end with the exposition. They have developed a well-thought-out program behind which a coalition of labor unions and Graybelt states and municipalities can unite to "reward labor's friends and punish its enemies"—since, in this case, the interests of the governments and the unions are one. The former face abandonment and decay, the latter loss of members and similar decay.

It is in this area, where the authors project worker and community controlled industries as the real focus of the coalition, that their prescriptions become somewhat hazy. But no need to quibble about this—there is still enough to be done before we get to

Henry Foner is president of the Joint Board Fur, Leather & Machine Workers Union, Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America, AFL-CIO.

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these decisions to engage our joint energies, and there is time along the way to figure out the next steps.

One reads *The North Will Rise Again* with a sense of wonder: Why did it take these two young men, outside the fold of the labor movement, to sound the cry on an issue of such deep concern to us? The reason may be the subject of another book, but whatever it is, thanks to you, Jeremy Rifkin and Randy Barber! □

Bad Art and Good Intentions

MATEO PARDO

VIEW OF DAWN IN THE TROPICS. *By Guillermo Cabrera Infante. Translated by Suzanne Jill Levine. Harper & Row. 145 pp. $8.95.*

Guillermo Cabrera Infante's new book, *View of Dawn in the Tropics*, is a curious example of what can happen when a writer returns to the scenes of his early successes. His admirers will look in vain for the freshness and charm of his first book of short stories or the wild and sometimes exciting verbal experimentation of his first novel. This collection of 101 historical vignettes, printed on 145 largely empty pages, is an attempt, Micheneresque in its audacity and Hemingwayesque in the laconism of its style, to tell the story of Cuba from its geological formation to the present day and for all eternity, but it succeeds only in making one wonder at the immensity of the author's hubris. What, one puzzles, was he thinking of?

The answer lies in Cabrera Infante's earlier work, to which *View of Dawn in the Tropics* is related by both title and narrative technique. The title was initially used for an earlier novel which won the Seix Barral prize in Barcelona in 1964. Banned by the Spanish censors because of its pro-revolutionary passages, it was expurgated and rewritten by the author and resubmitted with a new title, *Three Trapped Tigers*. It was a great critical success and Cabrera Infante's name was associated by critics with those of Garcia Marquez and Vargas Llosa as another representative of the "boom" in the Latin American novel. The vignette form is also familiar to readers of Cabrera Infante; he used it in his first book, *Asi en la Paz como en la Guerra*, published in 1960 and also widely acclaimed by critics.

The fifteen vignettes included in that work recounted some of the heinous crimes committed by the Batista regime against both revolutionaries and nonrevolutionaries. Each was followed by a short story which dealt with Cuban life during the 1950s. The impact of the whole was, at the time, quite powerful. Cabrera Infante was catapulted to fame along with an entire generation of Cuban writers who had turned 30 in 1959. The political and social revolution of the *barbudos* seemed to be bearing its literary fruits. The atmosphere of the period was, as the cliche goes, electric. Nothing seemed impossible because an impossible revolution had triumphed. Cabrera Infante, the editor of the island's newest and most avant-garde literary magazine, *Lunes de Revolucion*, seemed to be securely placed in the very cockpit of history. But in 1961 the revolutionary government closed *Lunes* down, and Cabrera Infante went to Brussels as a member of the Cuban diplomatic mission. His first novel was not accepted for publication in Cuba and in 1965 he officially defected. He seemed to be exchanging the enviable role of revolutionary writer for the even more enviable one of writer as an anti-Communist exile. Famous and full of promise, he has spent the intervening years apparently producing a mammoth autobiographical novel, *Cuerpos Divinos*, the prologue of which was published in 1968.

Only a writer of solid talents could have survived the sort of reputation that naturally grew out of such glamorous historical circumstances. Cabrera Infante has not proven to be such a writer. The passage of time has only served to bring out his weaknesses and sap his strengths. The appearance of *View of Dawn in the Tropics* in English confirms this. In *Three Trapped Tigers* Cabrera Infante had shown a marvelous ear for colloquial Cuban Spanish and a lively sense of humor that manifested itself in a seemingly unending flow of puns and absurd situations. He sustained a high degree of dramatic tension by the implied contrast between the corrupt night life of Havana and the struggle in the Sierra. But the years have taken their toll and when one reads *Three Trapped Tigers* today one realizes that this implied contrast was at least partially a product of the historical period in which it was first written and one is obliged to lament the amputation to which the work was subjected. Perhaps the passages dealing with the revolutionaries gave it the internally generated equilibrium it sorely lacks today.

Cabrera Infante's early book of short stories has suffered the same fate. The notoriety it gained him seems now to have been largely a product of those exciting early years of the revolution. The vignettes he wrote for it and which contributed so much to his fame seem more than ever to give themselves away for what they are, imitations of Hemingway. And his return to that genre in his new book is a mistake that can be explained only if we assume that he overestimated his own understanding of the vignette form.

Only two great books have been written exclusively in this form, La Bruyere's *Les Caracteres* and Baudelaire's *Le Spleen de Paris*. One is a work of moral and psychological insight while the other is a collection of prose poems. There is no question of linear progression or chronological development in either. Each is composed of parts which seem to bear no necessary relationship to the other. The genre simply doesn't give a writer room to develop any subject that requires characterization or plot. It is meant for quick soundings of the human condition.

Given the above, one can understand why Cabrera Infante was tempted to use this technique. After all, what he has attempted to demonstrate in *View of Dawn in the Tropics* is that history is a collection of accidental events, an idiot's tale, and that the true meaning of life lies in the manly stoic virtues that some men and women manifest in their confrontation with it. This is, of course, Papa Hemingway's lesson, and Cabrera Infante is so engrossed by it that he gives us 101 slightly differing versions of it. It is here that one becomes aware of how badly he has miscalculated the possibilities the prose vignette could offer him. He thought that the necessarily accidental relationship between the different vignettes would intensify his basic theme. He goes out of his way to accentuate this effect by eliminating names and dates. But the sequence of the vignettes is chronological. The resulting contradiction destroys the book. On the one hand the reader is expected to derive from a succession of accidentally juxtaposed events the impression that history is absurd while on the other hand he is asked to admire the *macho* and *hembra* heroics of a series of Hemingwayesque souls.

Mateo Pardo teaches comparative literature at the University of Texas at Dallas.

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The true essence of man, the reader is asked to believe, is ahistorical. The rub is that in order to make the reader see this, Cabrera Infante has attempted to create the semblance of a historical progression. This false history must be there so that the reader can be led to see its lack of authenticity. The prose vignettes then, must appear to be related in a historical manner. Unfortunately the nature of the prose vignette works against even the appearance of a relationship so that the reader is not at all fooled. He has no need to read the whole book in order to understand what the writer is trying to say because the message is apparent from the first pages and it never changes.

But certainly the road to bad art is paved with good intentions, and one's heart does go out to all those tortured, maimed and killed Cubans who people Cabrera Infante's vignettes. They deserved a better fate in literature as well as in their own lives. They are all quite redundantly exemplary, from the immolated Indian chief who refuses conversion to Christianity because Spaniards can go to heaven, to the mother of the anti-Communist patriot who accuses the present regime of inhumanity and cowardice. They pass before our eyes like shadows in a series of fragmented historical events. Some of these are as well known to those familiar with Cuban history as the Boston Tea Party is to Americans. The burning of the Indian chieftain, or the death of Jose Marti are just two of the many that fall into this category. Even the less familiar events of the Batista period lack freshness here if only because they seem to be variations of those with which the author regaled us in his first book. And two decades of anti-Castro propaganda have familiarized us all with the plight of the Cuban refugee. Cabrera Infante has nothing new to say about their sufferings. What then is one to do with such wisdom as the author deigns to communicate in his final vignette, which I quote in entirety?

> And it will always be there. As someone once said, that long, sad, unfortunate island will be there after the last Indian and after the last Spaniard and after the last of the Cubans, surviving all disasters, eternally washed over by the Gulf Stream: beautiful and green, undying, eternal.

Yes, one is tempted to add, it will even survive *View of Dawn in the Tropics*.

One parting comment should be made concerning Ms. Levine's translation. On the whole it is quite adequate. In spite of some stylistic awkwardness and a handful of mistranslations (*taller* is a shop and not a theatre, a *mariscal de campo* is a division general not a field marshal, *perseguidoras* are women persecutors not patrol cars and a *turba* is a crowd or rabble not a thug) it does the work no disservice. □

In the Land of the Blind

PETER DREYER

BLACK POWER IN SOUTH AFRICA: The Evolution of an Ideology. *By Gail M. Gerhart. University of California Press. 364 pp. $14.50.*

LET FREEDOM COME: Africa in Modern History. *By Basil Davidson. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 431 pp. $12.50.*

"I would say that the majority of whites are not even aware of Black Consciousness," Steve Biko observed at the 1976 South African Students Organization/Black People's Convention (SASO/BPC) trial. The willful blindness of privilege, warping the souls of dominating minorities out of touch with the truth, is the greatest obstacle to freedom and social justice. Nowhere is this so apparent as in South Africa. "The white is hit harder by apartheid than we are," the late Chief Albert Luthuli told Studs Terkel. "It narrows his life. In not regarding us as human, he becomes less than human. I do pity him." The spiritual and intellectual thralldom of white South Africans stands in almost direct ratio to their acceptance of *Herrenvolk* status; but even those who consciously reject that status and struggle against it have, for the most part, been unable to escape their monstrous birthright. This should also inspire pity, perhaps, but the consequences for what we used to call the democratic movement have been incalculable.

Gail Gerhart sets out to trace the evolution of what she terms "the orthodox nationalist or Black Power school of African politics in South Africa." This unwieldy prescription keynotes the central defect of an otherwise meticulously researched and documented study (and one that was badly needed). A non-African, thinking essentially in the categories of white Western hegemony, Gerhart does not perceive that what she calls "Black Power" is the *only* genuine African politics in South Africa. All else—even when enunciated by blacks—is white politics, serving white ends.

How could it be otherwise, when for every black South African, subjugation on grounds of "race" (however spurious those grounds may be) is *the* supreme political reality from the cradle to the grave? That white radicals and liberals fail to grasp so elementary a truth is explicable only in terms of an unconscious downgrading of the humanity of black people. If "their" people were so enslaved (an analogous condition would be that of the Poles under Nazi rule), they would soon enough get the point.

Gerhart traces the beginnings of the "Black Power" struggle to the founding of the African National Congress' (ANC) militant Youth League in 1944 (though it actually dates back to the first seizure of Khoikhoi grazing lands by agents of the Dutch East India Company—the 17th-century equivalent of one of today's transnational corporations—almost 300 years earlier). The first president of the Youth League was a sickly young Zulu schoolmaster named Anton Lembede, the son of impoverished sharecroppers in Natal. He had been introduced to politics by his close friends Ashby Peter Mda and Jordan Ngubane. These three became the chief formulators of the ideology which Lembede referred to as Africanism.

It fell to Mda—who assumed the mantle of leadership after Lembede's premature death in 1947—to articulate, in the Youth League's *Basic Policy* the fundamental Africanist belief that since whites almost universally possessed vested interests in South Africa's exploitive caste system, blacks must cease looking to white sympathizers for aid and inspiration in their struggle for freedom. This was not racism; it was simple recognition of a brutal reality. White patronage ipso facto reduced Africans to a dependent and inferior position in the democratic movement, closely analogous to their condition in the larger society.

The African National Congress had at that time existed for more than three decades, without making any very significant headway against racism. In the Africanist view, the liberation struggle had been subverted, both

Peter Dreyer is a South African and the author of A Beast in View *(fiction),* A Gardener Touched with Genius, *a biography of Luther Burbank, and* The Future of Treason. *He now lives in the San Francisco Bay Area.*

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by white liberals with their optimistic promises of an eventual "change of heart" on the part of the racist electorate, as well as by the Communist Party of South Africa (CPSA). Operating through the "multiracial" structure of the so-called Congress Alliance, the Communists effectively used their white status to control the movement. Black political prisoners depended on white radical lawyers. Most importantly, white Communists financed and operated the Congress press. "This service to the ANC, and the dozens of other favors, large and small, which radical whites on account of their relative wealth and influence were able to offer their African allies, inevitably created a debt which Africans could repay only by lending their support to the pet causes of the white Left—the peace movement and propaganda efforts on behalf of the Soviet Union and China," says Gerhart, all oblivious of the grotesque implications. Yet how blatantly replete with racism the notion that alleged comrades in a common struggle for freedom—the indivisible freedom of humanity—might owe one another "debts" for political "favors," to be paid off in compromise and betrayal!

For of course the "peace movement" and toadying were of secondary importance. The big payoff was the redefinition of the aims of the movement, in terms which, in Gerhart's words, "once again distracted Africans from making their own objective assessment of where black interests lay."

That is to put it mildly.

After the "voluntary dissolution" of the CPSA, immediately prior to the passage of the Suppression of Communism Act in 1950, its members dispersed by prior arrangement into the alliance called the Congress Movement, consisting of five organizations: the existing ANC and South African Indian Congress (SAIC), the all-white Congress of Democrats (COD), the South African Coloured People's Organization (SACPO), and the South African Congress of Trade Unions (SACTU).

Anti-Communists were systematically purged throughout the ANC, far and away the largest organization in the alliance. Needless to say, the Africanists seethed. "The hostility of Lembede and most members of the League towards the Communist party was . . . unremitting," Gerhart notes. Eventually, in 1959, the Africanists broke away to form the Pan Africanist Congress (PAC). "This was the most spectacular split the Communists had brought about in African opinion, and it left the Congress Movement without real opposition to Communist policy," Ngubane notes.

Though Gerhart knows the full story, she effectively censors the heart out of the Africanist critique of the manipulative role of the CPSA. The major failure of her analysis is that she confuses Congress "multiracialism" with nonracialism. In this she is scarcely alone, but the distinction remains a vital one. As the PAC's first president, Robert Sobukwe, put it,

> To us the term "multiracialism" implies that there are such basic insuperable differences between the various national groups here that the best course is to keep them permanently distinctive in a kind of democratic apartheid. That to us is racialism multiplied, which probably is what the term truly connotes.

Nonracialism has meant different things in the South African political context, but at base it is a rejection of the significance of "racial" distinctions in human relations. Racism is not an African phenomenon. It is a white obsession—the guilty justification for the land-grabbing, genocidal policies on which white privilege in southern Africa is founded. The reactive racism produced among blacks by centuries of oppression is not at all the same thing.

The "democratic apartheid" of the Congress Alliance, it should be noted, was entirely voluntary. The Prohibition of Political Interference Act, making racially mixed political organizations illegal, was not imposed until 1968, years after the Communists had decided to segregate. Multiracialism, as the Africanists correctly understood it, was simply the latest, subtlest version of divide-and-rule—perpetrated now in the name of Marxism-Leninism. At the same time, the definition of political reality in terms of class rather than race gutted the movement of its credibility. It was all too painfully obvious that the racism of the white working class was the seedbed of apartheid, not something incidental to it.

Of arrogance whites have, of course, no monopoly. As Gerhart notes, it was the bluster of Potlako Kitchener Leballo, who succeeded to the leadership of the PAC after Sobukwe was jailed, that gave the government the pretext it needed to bring in the draconian General Laws Amendment Act of 1963. Information effectively betrayed to them by Leballo's boasting from the safety of Lesotho enabled the police to round up thousands of PAC supporters and smash the organization inside South Africa. Among those imprisoned

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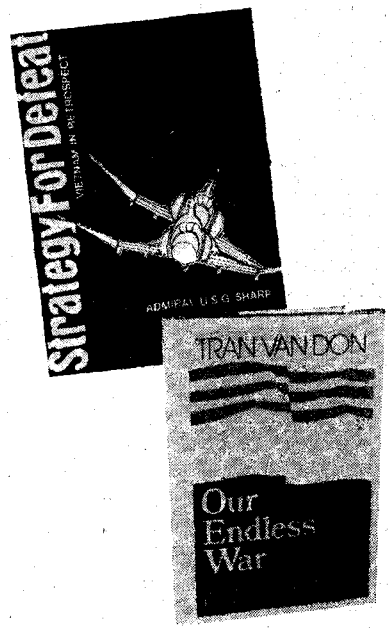

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was Steve Biko's elder brother. Biko himself was interrogated by the police and expelled from school because of his brother's activities.

The ANC and the PAC have been banned organizations in South Africa for the past eighteen years. The 1970s saw the rise of the South African Students Organization and the Black People's Convention, followed by mass rebellion in Soweto and other "locations" which challenged the system as never before. Biko's Black Consciousness movement declared neither for the ANC nor for the PAC. Though recognizing and respectful of the banned and imprisoned leaders of the past—Mandela, Sobukwe, Mbeki—SASO and BPC clearly had no taste for the smelly little orthodoxies sprung up around the exiled movements in London, Lusaka and Dar es Salaam.

One is reminded of the curious incident of the dog that did nothing in the nighttime. Nowhere in Basil Davidson's study of the unfolding of African independence is there any mention of the PAC, SASO, BPC, or, for that matter, of the Non-European Unity Movement. Nowhere do the names of Lembede, Mda, Sobukwe or Biko so much as appear. Davidson may protest that in writing a 20th-century history of the entire continent he is able to deal with South Africa only in brief, but these omissions are surely significant. After all, he does manage to find space for a number of white South African Communists, and whatever their personal merits, W.H. Andrews, H.M. Basner and Bram Fischer are surely of much less significance than the Africanist and Black Consciousness leaders. In the Soweto risings of 1976-77, the only voice Davidson professes to hear is that of the ANC! Since the ANC was in no way behind the events in question, this is either a deliberate distortion of history, or evidence of substantial ignorance of his subject. Charity may presume that Davidson knows more about the other nations of which he writes so facilely. I would not.

Hannah Arendt has pointed out that liberation and freedom are not the same thing, "that liberation may be the condition of freedom but by no means leads automatically to it; that the notion of liberty implied in liberation can only be negative, and hence that even the intention of liberating is not identical with the desire for freedom." It is clear from the modern history of Africa that the intention to "liberate" can in fact coexist with total indifference to freedom, and even with hostility to it. □

Gamesmanship and After

DAVID FROMKIN

PRIMACY OR WORLD ORDER: American Foreign Policy Since the Cold War. *By Stanley Hoffmann. McGraw-Hill. 333 pp. $12.50.*

It has become a commonplace that President Carter lacks a philosophical framework for his foreign policy. Anticipating this at the beginning of the Carter administration, Stanley Hoffmann set out to supply one. Hoffmann is professor of government at Harvard, chairman of Harvard's Center for International Affairs, and one of America's leading authorities on foreign policy. His new book proposing a foreign affairs policy is therefore of importance.

Theories of international relations have traditionally been of two types: those that claim to discern an underlying unity, and those claiming that, on the contrary, it is fragmentation that is fundamental. The 16th-century Spanish theologians who wrote about what we now call international law thought in terms of the community of Christendom; in the 18th century, Voltaire and Gibbon wrote about the republic of Europe as though it were a single commonwealth. Other writers, to the contrary, treated individual states, such as England and France, as the highest political reality, and thought that these states either would or should pursue no more than their own particular interests.

Today the tension between these opposed points of view continues. There are those who consider unities broader than the individual nations: unities such as the community of the Western world, or the community of the advanced industrialized nations, or the community of all mankind. People who think about international politics in this sort of way regard the division of the world into individual sovereignties as essentially unreal or as a flaw or as something temporary. This sort of view is what Professor Hoffmann calls "the model of the imperfect community"; and he dismisses it, saying that it "is as irrelevant as it has been for more than four centuries."

David Fromkin is an international lawyer who frequently writes about political and economic affairs. He is the author of The Question of Government *(Scribner's).*

The other way of thinking about international politics is what Hoffmann calls "the model of fragmentation." He traces it to the 5th century Greek historian Thucydides who described the wars between Athens and Sparta and their respective allies as a situation in which each state owed allegiance only to itself and to its own interests. This translates into the view that the modern nation-state is the ultimate unit of political reality, and that the pursuit by each nation of its own particular national interest is what international relations is all about.

This is the perspective that Hoffmann endorses; but he points out developments in the contemporary world, particularly in the realms of economics and technology, that seem to run counter to it. Nation-states, he says, are not the only actors on the world stage; nor are their roles always

CHINABERRY TREE

It squatted in a grandmotherly yard,
surrounded by the breaking teeth
of a fence I left once
with a sheer tendril of skin.
It kept a dog whose folds of fur
held the rain and the dust
in a sweet comfort to me.
I remember falling suddenly
face to face with a creature
hidden behind its warped trunk,
her dark skirt billowing
with what must have been wind
but seemed like an action
out of a dream. She
lifted me to bed, cradling
my body like a crushed lily,
and I lay watching the tree
long after the dog disappeared
in the slow stream of the world,
long after her last steps
fled in a drift of small leaves.
This was no tree for the great
events, scarcely could sustain
the dream-weight of a boy,
and you could find scarred
in its flesh no deep initials,
but I remember its yellow berries
toppling gold and ripe,
how the day I walked out
they burst into bright tears.
These were the crushed fruit
of no worth, then as now,
clinging to the shoes
that pinched grown feet,
staining every least fabric
with that awful stink
not quite human, not of earth.

Dave Smith

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the traditional ones. He looks at their vulnerabilities and interconnections in order to assess the extent to which it can be said that they have become interdependent. He concludes that the fragmentation model remains valid, but that it must be strongly qualified if it is to describe the contemporary world correctly.

Models of international relations can also be divided, according to Hoffmann, on the question of whether war or peace is assigned primacy. If you think of war as a normal state of affairs, you see events in terms of whether they may occur before, during, or after a war; and you assess them by their relationship to a war. If instead you think that there are forces in the world that tend usually toward some sort of balance or restraint or accommodation, you think of peace, however fragile or troubled it may be, as the normal state of affairs; and you see the outbreak of war as a kind of failure or breakdown. Clearly there are elements of truth and falseness in both of these positions. Not surprisingly, Professor Hoffmann finds that the whole truth lies somewhere in between the two.

If it is all a matter of war and peace, does it mean that strategy and diplomacy, between them, describe the whole of international affairs? No, says Hoffmann, that is no longer true. States now engage in different kinds of international activity, many of which concern economic affairs. Because the nations of the world do so many different things, they sometimes find themselves allied in one activity with nations that are their adversaries in other situations.

According to Hoffmann, it is as if various nations are simultaneously playing a number of different games with one another. This analogy is potentially misleading. If different games are played at the same time, each game is independent of the other, and my move on the chessboard has no effect on my position on the checkerboard. But in world politics, the moves in different areas of activity interact; and it is precisely this interplay that Hoffmann's analogy obscures.

The choice of chess as a metaphor for the traditional state activities of war and diplomacy seems to me to be especially misleading. Chess is a game in which there are only two adversaries; it is conspicuously bipolar. World politics are obviously multipolar.

The metaphor of games does give emphasis to Hoffmann's view that each nation plays for itself, and that each of them plays to win. But can the world survive such gamesmanship? In the long run, whatever that may be, it cannot. Stanley Hoffmann is only one of many political theorists to point out that modern weapons and developments in the world economy make the game playing of nations a reckless activity. Is there an alternative?

Hoffmann suggests that world order policies should take priority in American foreign policy. By this he means that we should encourage others to take the lead, and that there are times when we should defer to views we do not hold. "The best chances for world order lie in the kind of pluralism that makes others share actively in the management, benefits, and burdens of international agreements or regimes . . ." he writes. "Rather than letting discord prevent the establishment of any rules or regimes, one ought to be ready to deal with those who are willing, even if their *substantive* preferences are far from ours."

This is sensible and moderate advice. But following it will not enable us to make the world orderly. Hoffmann himself shows, in his discussion of the model of fragmentation, that a political world of multiple sovereignties, such as our own, is inherently disorderly and unpeaceful. Hans Morgenthau long ago argued persuasively that only the creation of a world state can achieve world peace and order on a permanent basis. Hoffmann derives his analysis of how world politics work from Morgenthau's classic text, but he resists Morgenthau's conclusions.

The title of the book under review suggests, on the contrary, that we can indeed achieve world order, even in this world of multiple sovereignties; but that to do so we will have to give up American primacy (if primacy is indeed what we have). The author is quick to retreat from this position, however, and admits that giving up American primacy might even increase the disorder by encouraging other nations to pursue dangerous policies. On the author's own showing, the alleged American primacy is not the cause of disorder in a world which has long been the battleground of multiple sovereignties.

American foreign policy does not have available to it the choices that Hoffmann's title suggests. In present circumstances, as Hoffmann amply demonstrates, there is no way in which the United States can make world politics into an orderly affair. The best that we can hope for is to pursue policies that mitigate disorder. We are more likely to succeed in this endeavor if we maintain, rather than diminish, our power and influence in world affairs. The book's title seems to offer options that, in the real world, do not exist. □

The House of Women

SHEILA SCHWARTZ

A WEAVE OF WOMEN. *By E.M. Bronner. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 296 pp. $8.95.*

This review, begun by Nancy Lynn Schwartz, who died following brain surgery this August, was completed by her mother, Sheila Schwartz.

E.M. Bronner's *A Weave of Women* is an extraordinary novel, an original and beautiful work, musical in its conception, dreamlike in form, terrible, wonderful and haunting.

The setting is a simple stone house in the Old City of Jerusalem at the present time. The house provides a home, a meeting place and a temple for twelve women and three wayward girls. Some of the women are Israelis but many of them come from other countries. In this convergent novel, fate has brought them together and in this house they offer one another support and love to compensate for the evils perpetrated against them in the present and past.

The author describes the plan of the novel in her first chapter:

> This is a story of the birth of Simha's daughter, of the birth of other daughters, of the piercing of the women of these two houses. It is a story of women who are born in or arrive in the land, of some who stay and many who leave.
>
> It is a story of women who are ceremonious and correct with each other, who celebrate sermons and . . . birth rites, death rites, sacrificial rites, exodus rites and exorcism rites.
>
> It is the story of sanity and madness in the house of women.

Each of the women has a different tale to tell, and the Leitmotifs for each

Sheila Schwartz is the author of Like Mother, Like Me *and* Growing Up Guilty. *Nancy Lynn Schwartz wrote four of NBC's* Wheels *mini-series, the screenplay of* Like Mom, Like Me, *based upon her mother's novel and the forthcoming book on the Hollywood blacklist* The Writer's Wars *(Knopf).*

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run through the novel, woven into it like figures in a tapestry. One woman's husband beats her but the rabbinate will not give her a divorce. Another woman's husband terrorizes her and her daughter with his orthodoxy, while a third one's brother tries to kill himself after he is humiliated by seeing her arrest on television.

The girls from the Home for Jewish Wayward Girls have more grotesque fates. A bewildered and lonely girl turns into a pigeon at the Western Wall; another is raped and eaten by barbaric Germans on a train in Europe and a third is stoned by a fanatic Hasidic Jew.

The crimes against these women are not performed only by men. One of their own members betrays them and is excommunicated from the circle because she has violated their new commandment: "Thou shalt not replace a trusted woman friend with a new male face."

One woman, "pierced" by her boss, is beaten by her mother who tells her that the loss of her virginity means she's of "no use to anybody, including yourself." A mother tells her daughter she gave birth to a girl rather than a boy because God was punishing her.

But for the most part the women in this house love one another and their daughters. One prays, "Mother, I would leap from the mountain for you. Mother, I will never forget you."

Interwoven with the women's tales of crimes against them are their tales of present woes. They are at war with the sexism that is inherent in both the political and religious institutions of the state. They demonstrate against the government for its desire to close the home for wayward girls and they are beaten and jailed. But always they return to the house.

In the stone house, the women invent a new kind of society. They devise religious ceremonies by women and for women which include the exorcism of demons, rituals to get through the birth and death of a daughter, new marriage ceremonies and a ceremony for a girl which is the equivalent of the circumcision. Eight days after Simha's baby is born, they perform a hymenotomy, the piercing of her hymen so that she will lose it in the midst of love rather than cruelly and brutally as has happened to so many of them. The women pray, "May she not be delivered intact to her bridegroom or judged by her hymen but by the energies of her life."

These women do not hate men. Men figure throughout the book as lovers, husbands, betrayers, murderers, seducers, weaklings, sons and brothers. They are peripheral to the book as women have so often been in books about male bonding. Men are necessary to the women in this book, especially for reproduction, but the meaningful relationships are with one another.

The mysticism and surreal quality of this book is heightened by its setting in Jerusalem, the city where three religions began and where the women are now inventing a fourth one. This is a contemporary book which exists on a continuum with 5,000 years of Jewish history; it is an extended epic poem which should become a classic. □

TELEVISION

PETER SOURIAN

Intrigued by reviews which said it was boring, a bomb, I rushed to see the first three-hour episode of the twenty-five-hour, $25 million adaptation of one of James Michener's monsters, *Centennial*, which is to be parceled out on Sunday nights by NBC. It was tedious enough—Michener is a very great includer—yet I rather liked *Centennial*'s earnest, gently revisionist view of our American heritage: "Maybe the Indians know more about life than we do," muses one character; "They're in touch with nature," remarks another, and so on. I guess this is better than saying that some group or other just loves to pick cotton on very hot days.

Centennial is billed as the biggest movie ever made, the story of seven generations: "Everyone has got a story, and if you're an American this is where yours begins." It is also billed as an epic. Traditionally, an epic has a hero who embodies characteristics valued by a race or nation. In *The Song of Roland* it's loyalty; in *The Odyssey* it's resourcefulness and venturesomeness. In *The Aeneid* it's dutifulness, or *pietas*.

The Emperor Augustus—his own Gerald Rafshoon—is supposed to have suggested the subject of *The Aeneid* to Virgil, because the creation of a Roman epic would tend to serve his purposes, one of which was to unite under his control the very large, potentially restless, ethnically and socially multifarious population of the city of Rome.

Where Augustus's reaction to the fact of such a population was to promote its self-definition as homogeneous, assimilated, Roman, we have for some time now been busily and strikingly engaged in doing the opposite—that is, intensifying and romanticizing our ethnic diversities in reaction to the earlier American Ozzie and Harriet and melting-pot self-definitions or models. There are various interesting reasons for this, one of the simpler ones having as usual to do with profit: business interests, including of course the media, support cohorts of demographers to identify convenient chunks of consumers, and ethnic chunks are tantalizingly easy to identify and reach.

Accordingly, *Centennial* would seem to have not one epic hero but many, and these over many generations. I do admit that our Comanche, Arapaho and Pawnee consumer markets are pretty small, but *Centennial*'s first episode also has a Quebec Frenchman, a Scotsman, a German and a Kentuckian. Imminently promised are a Russian immigrant and an Amish fellow, and without doubt many others of more or less predominantly ethnic distinctiveness are to come.

I'm not sure how much I like all this ethnicity, even if in the case of *Centennial* it's a sound representation of historical facts concerning our origins. A number of years ago the idea of one world was buzzing under our hats. It was in the air that nationalism might be on its way out, and a good thing too; yet, having more or less dropped nationalism, in our obsession with "identity" we seem at times to have *regressed* to tribalism. America seems more ethnically organized than ever. Certainly our big-city politics continue with less regard for the individual merit of candidates than for the hoary and damnably evenhanded balancing of the ticket, and no end in sight—i.e., why trust an American when you can have one of your own, and just what *is* an American anyway? (I repeat, there are various reasons for this kind of thing and I interpolate another of them here: people may intensify their ethnic identification in the measure that they no longer assume the objective justice advertised by the larger society; expecting to be treated unfairly, they seek what they perceive to be their only remedy—a subjective "equalizer" in the form of an ethnically based "Mafia," as in the bald but soundly conceived opening scenes of Mario Puzo's *The Godfather*.)

Therefore I did not exult when, on NBC's recent *Holocaust*, one of the doomed Jewish heroes of the Warsaw Ghetto exclaimed as he shot a German soldier from a window that he seemed to feel the blood of King David running through his veins. After all, I thought,

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hadn't the Nazis been enough concerned with *blood* to last us all an eternity? If the remark had evolved from a particular fictional character who had been given a semblance of individual reality, one would not take issue with it, but he was a stick figure and the exclamation was—how to say it—programmatic. To take a lighter instance, every time the French trader Pasquinel in *Centennial* does something courageous (which is to say incessantly) we hear the muted strains of *La Marseillaise*, as if Pasquinel's *Frenchness* and the universal human trait of courage were in some sense, somehow, synonymous!

Doesn't this sort of stuff, innocuous though it may seem, represent the obverse side of what Orwell observed in the British boys' weekly magazine serials of the 1920s, wherein all Frenchmen were "excitable, wore beards and gesticulated wildly," just as all Chinese, Arabs and Hispanics were "sinister and treacherous" and so on?

And yet, one wonders—which brings me to the most ethnic epic of all, *Roots*, rerun last month to a higher share of viewers than ABC had anticipated, 80 million, suggesting that many of the 130 million who watched it when it was originally shown took the trouble to see it a second time despite a staggered, not uncomplicated time schedule. Of course, a primary characteristic of the epic genre is that it is not a one-time thing, but rather cherished and repeated as the *created conscience of the race*.

The central reason for exempting *Roots* from my complaints is that, whereas in other cases "blood" ought not to be at issue, in the case of the American black and specifically because of the unavoidability of skin pigmentation, it is *perforce* at issue. *Roots* repeatedly and with extreme poignancy shows how conveniently slaves were controlled because of this single glaring factor.

And later in our history, when we were advertising to other important ethnic groups (admittedly in sharply varying degrees and more or less reluctantly) that they ought to assimilate—that even despite sometimes traumatic humiliations along the way, they were apt eventually to be rewarded for doing so—we informed blacks (often on literal pain of death) that they must never entertain the possibility of any centennials of oneness with the rest of us.

Roots does several beautiful things, which have led blacks on occasion to come up to Alex Haley on the street and shake his hand. First of all it shows to black and white Americans that blacks were not originally slaves, that they became slaves for reasons utterly beyond their control and that therefore their blackness had nothing to do with the fact of their enslavement. This would seem obvious, yet it has never before stood with even the beginnings of adequate firmness in the depths of our collective unconscious. Second, *Roots* confirms with epic historical accuracy that a black American slave culture existed, and that, as a culture in its own right, it was undeniably *superior* in moral and human terms to that of its superior-race white masters. This is a confirmation of moment in the literal sense of the word because of recent work by certain intellectuals which has been much more influential than is perhaps generally acknowledged. I refer not only to the unfortunate dressed-up wrongheadedness of Jensen, Shockley and Herrnstein but also to the effects of arguably well-intentioned work by Jencks (*Inequality*), Moynihan (*The Negro Family*) and Fogel and Engerman (*Time on the Cross*).

In his remarkable and important antidote, *The Black Family in Slavery and Freedom, 1750-1925* (Pantheon, 1976), Herbert Gutman cites Ralph Ellison: " 'From one perspective slavery was horrible and brutalizing.' But it does not follow that the slaves 'had

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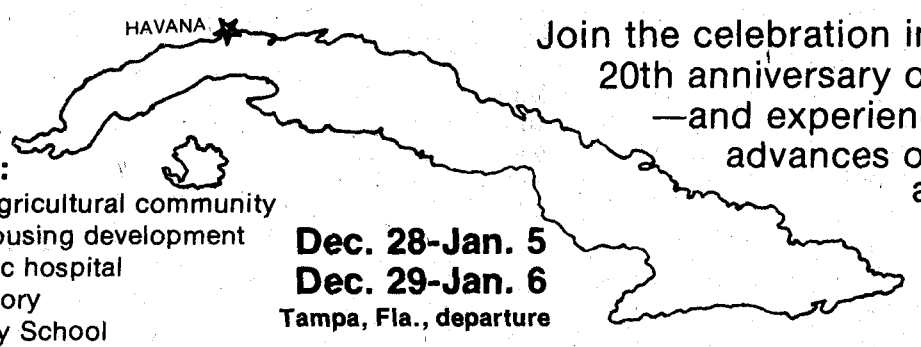

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very little humanity because slavery destroyed it for them and their descendants. . . . Any people who could undergo such dismemberment and rescuscitate itself, and endure until it could take the initiative in achieving its own freedom is obviously more than the sum of its brutalization. . . . Seen in this perspective, theirs has been one of the great human experiences and one of the great triumphs of the human spirit in modern times, in fact, in the history of the world.' "

It *needed* an epic. Sure, all through the 1960s Stokely Carmichael, "Rap" Brown, Angela Davis, Malcolm X, Eldridge Cleaver, were saying the same thing; however, they were individual people, so if you weren't wild about one or another of them personally, or if you wanted an excuse to pay no attention to *what* they were saying, you could conveniently ignore it by not liking *who* they were. But you can't pull that on old Kunta Kinte, epic hero circa 1750. No, finally it needed an epic, transcendent, impersonal, somewhat removed in time. More than anything, that's what an epic is for.

And 130 million people were not going to read Gutman the scholar, or Ralph Ellison either, but they did see *Roots* for almost eight hours, many of them twice over. And many of them, white and black, are young, from all socioeconomic backgrounds, but especially from modest, ordinary ones. They are a new generation—today's 18-year-olds. TV has not been *educating* them and I suppose I am willing to grant the possibility that it even got in the way of their education (I don't really believe this), but TV has been *informing* them, if only because—all jumbled up with the nonsense, the mere white noise and the mental junk food—facts have gotten through to them *en masse* as never before. □

SPRING FIRE

For two years we have avoided this log—
knotted, unsplittable, its origin unknown.
Gradually it has sunk to the bottom of the pile,
indeed, becomes the pile, which we turn to,
for the last time, this dank spring morning
after a night of rain. If it burns—when it burns,
it will heat the room for hours.

We prepare for it carefully, build up coals,
a small, hot fire, before we lay it on.
Old log, we salute you.
Outside it is green, green May and the
wren, the wren, the wren wrings her heart out.
Here it is winter still. I huddle by the hearth.

When the song begins I think first of birds—
the high, terse whistle of a chickadee, prolonged
beyond all natural endurance; a distant siren,
skidding towards disaster; a mosquito prematurely
sprung from the puddle underneath the swings.

I listen as the song winds on, high, sinuous
and sweet. It is the old log singing.
There is something green in its heartwood yet.
I hang on to that thread, that wheezy threnody.
I will learn its alphabet, translate
the jingling of acorns or pine cone bells,
the crack that tears trunk from stump. Together
we will write log-songs for rasps and musical saws.
But abruptly it stops as the log catches fire.

Now let the leaves take over, fretting like tambourines,
let flowers open with soft, lush sighs;
the sounds of summer will bury your warped whistle,
old asthmatic stick. When the sun returns
I will go out and sweep the patio clear
of splinters and bark. But now I lean forward
and warm my hands by your wild, burning side.

Jane Flanders

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

When some years ago, in the company of a woman of 24, I first saw *Are You Now or Have You Ever Been*, Eric Bentley's arrangement of the HUAC hearings, I found to my surprise that she was not sufficiently informed on the subject to grasp the full import of the original event. She found the "show" dull, and so in a way did I. It was later a great hit in Los Angeles, where so many of its actors (in all senses of the word) were implicated. Now at the Promenade Theatre (2162 Broadway) the play is being presented in what seems to me an improved version with a theatrically more adept cast.

I nevertheless went to see this documentary—every word of which is textually faithful to the record—with a certain reluctance. Not only was I familiar with the material but I had known a number of the prototypes intimately. I wondered if it was helpful at present to rake over the ashes of the ancient witch burning. Young people today are largely ignorant of the circumstances—don't *feel* them—and there is something slightly complacent when their elders, through hindsight, laugh at the antics of the House Un-American Activities Committee and some of its patsies.

But ringing words are occasionally uttered during the playing time, as well as much that is vicious, ludicrous or both. *Are You Now or Have You Ever Been* is history, and history, despite the skeptics in the field, has much to teach us. Perhaps the trouble in this case is that, like so much in the writing of history, the bare documentation of outward manifestations—data—often tells us less than half the story, omitting a good part of the human factor. With all possible demurs, I found the evening at the Promenade Theatre absorbing—both funny and pitiful.

It pained me to recall the writhings—of bewilderment, fear, shame, pusillanimity—and I was stirred by the sporadic displays of contempt, indignation and courage. Above all, I was sickened by the very existence and conduct of the committee. It was all evidence of the political boneheadedness which made it possible for it to function for so long with the consent or indifference of a vast public. It was probably regarded as one of our sports.

True, a number of those who were

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summoned to testify as to their affiliation with the Communist Party were nearly as muddled as those who questioned them, persecutors and persecuted sharing a common intellectual immaturity. The fact is that almost all of the noncooperative (as well as cooperative) witnesses were innocents. Those who were still or had been party members were no more what most Europeans understand as Communist than Eisenhower was a great thinker or Nixon an upright citizen. Even more certainly: there is not now nor has there ever been a Communist threat within this country.

There are effective passages and several good performances in the production, and the whole moves with dispatch. Especially notable are W.T. Martin as Larry Parks, Frank Gero as Abe Burrows, Tom Brennan as Lionel Stander and Avery Brooks as Paul Robeson. Colleen Dewhurst participates for a few evenings to read Lillian Hellman's fine letter to the committee.

Vincent Canby, film critic of *The New York Times*, has written a play, *End of the War* (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 West 52nd Street). He should continue. The present play was wisely submitted for off-Off Broadway production, which implies a limited run (in this case, twenty showings) and that the offering is a work in progress.

The play's chief merit and interest is in its character delineation. The locale is a "U.S. Navy landing ship, underway in the Pacific, shortly after World War II." Canby knows the men—most of them officers. The two pivotal and contrasting characters are a former college football hero, good-natured, easygoing in mind and morals, more or less soundly "average"; the other is what a certain psychological jargon dubs an "anal" type, meticulous without being efficient, exacting without real purpose, conceited without confidence, severe without stamina. There are others, swiftly sketched: a malingerer who is spiritually exhausted and self-depraved, a cub idealist of good instincts without much mental assurance, a homosexual cook with the earthy forthrightness that his job gives him, and a sober and tolerant captain.

The action that holds the group portrait together is essentially slight, but well-sustained and with a sufficient degree of melodramatic tension. The dialogue is good as long as it serves the action, the conflict between the two main characters. But the initial exposition lacks muscle because it is composed of the kind of writing which the author might use to describe or explain the characters in narrative or critical prose. It is not the language of living people, not language for the stage, not *dramatic* speech. This gives the opening of the play a static, unreal, quasi-pretentious ring. We come to concerned attention only when the people move against one another; when they "sit down" we are put under the strain of "literature." That impression is not altered by the considerable amount of sex talk which has something forced in its insistently coarse imagery, especially as it issues from the mouths of these men.

Such passages, I repeat, are unconvincing because they are more descriptive than actual—written as in the tone of an outsider's observation rather than characteristic of the specific people—nor are they germane to the situation. What is immensely valuable is an admirable cast directed by David Margulies with modesty and precision, by which I mean an understanding of both the characters depicted and the actors who play them. Another decided asset is David Mitchell's brilliant use of the extremely awkward stage space at the Ensemble Theatre, which contributes not only variety to the action but, more importantly, to the excitement. □

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

Haydn: Symphonies. Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields: Neville Marriner, cond. Nos. 22 & 55: Philips 9500 198. Nos. 43 & 59: Philips 9500 195. Nos. 44 & 49: Philips 9500 199. Nos. 48 & 85: Philips 9500 200. Nos. 92 & 104: Philips 9500 304. $8.98 each.

Symphonies. Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra; Colin Davis, cond. Nos. 87 & 103: Philips 9500 303. Nos. 88 & 99: Philips 9500 138. $8.98 each.

Symphonies Nos. 88 & 104. Cleveland Orchestra; George Szell, cond. Odyssey Y 34636. $3.98 (mono; recorded 1954).

The Marriner records belong to a series intended to comprise all the Haydn symphonies known by nicknames—an otiose scheme, since none of the names originated with the composer. Still, with or without sobriquets, Haydn symphonies are, pretty consistently, musical experiences of high quality, and this particular selection, though at present it lacks examples from before 1764 and from the decade 1775-85, is a reasonable sampling for those who may not wish to commit themselves to Dorati's generally fine recordings on London (a complete series, most of which is available only in boxed sets—though at a significantly lower price per disc than the Philips series).

Whether in the inventively treated archaisms of the early works (the combination of chorale-prelude style and sonata form in the first movement of No. 22, for example) or the grand wit of the last symphony (No. 104), Marriner's band plays cleanly, and most of Haydn's points are made, often in a more relaxed way than by Dorati's edgier, more rhetorical readings. Davis's larger-scale performances of four works from the 1780s and '90s might be similarly characterized, with the reservation that the more resonant Amsterdam acoustics tend to befog details of active bass lines. Both conductors occasionally miss the appropriate rollicking quality of motion (e.g., Marriner in the last movement of No. 85, Davis in the minuet of No. 99), but their work is both musical and enjoyable.

That is, until one listens to the reissued Szell recordings, in which the articulation and accenting are so much more specific, the standards of orchestral ensemble still higher. Despite the boxy mono sound, these are superb examples of orchestral craftsmanship, the metrical and melodic function of every note precisely limned. Szell's tempos nowhere as grim and rigid as they became in later years. In rehearing other older recordings, I found

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comparable qualities in Klemperer's best *Haydn performances* (Nos. 88 and 104, on Angel 36346, a good clear stereo recording), along with a still finer sense of fun: his impatient flutist at the final reprise in the last movement of No. 88 is a wonderful manifestation of musical insight and rhythmic mastery.

I hope the new recordings don't indicate that conductors are losing touch with the essence of Haydn's symphonies. Especially in the later ones, elegance in all dimensions—especially the executive one—is a central aspect. Such a loss of contact might have something to do with why these numerous and splendid pieces turn up so rarely on orchestral programs: as far as New York is concerned, the Philharmonic, the American Symphony and the Festival of Visiting Orchestras each promise one this year (whereas these same three series list seven Ravel orchestral works, one of them twice!).

It should be noted that Philips's annotations hardly compare to the extensive and knowledgeable ones by H.C. Robbins Landon that accompany the Dorati series—but anyone exploring this literature would in any case do well to acquire three indispensable Baedekers: Charles Rosen's *The Classical Style* (Norton), the first volume of Tovey's *Essays in Musical Analysis* (Oxford) and Landon's little BBC Music Guide, *Haydn Symphonies* (University of Washington Press). All are available in paperback.

Other recommended recordings:

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 4. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Eugen Jochum, cond. Deutsche Grammophon Privilege 2535 111. $6.98 (reissue).

GRIEG: Piano Concerto. FRANCK: Symphonic Variations. Clifford Curzon, piano. Oivin Fjeldstad and Adrian Boult, cond. London Treasury STS 15407. $3.98 (reissue).

SCHUMANN: Symphonies Nos. 1 & 4. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik, cond. Deutsche Grammophon Privilege 2535 116. $6.98 (reissue).

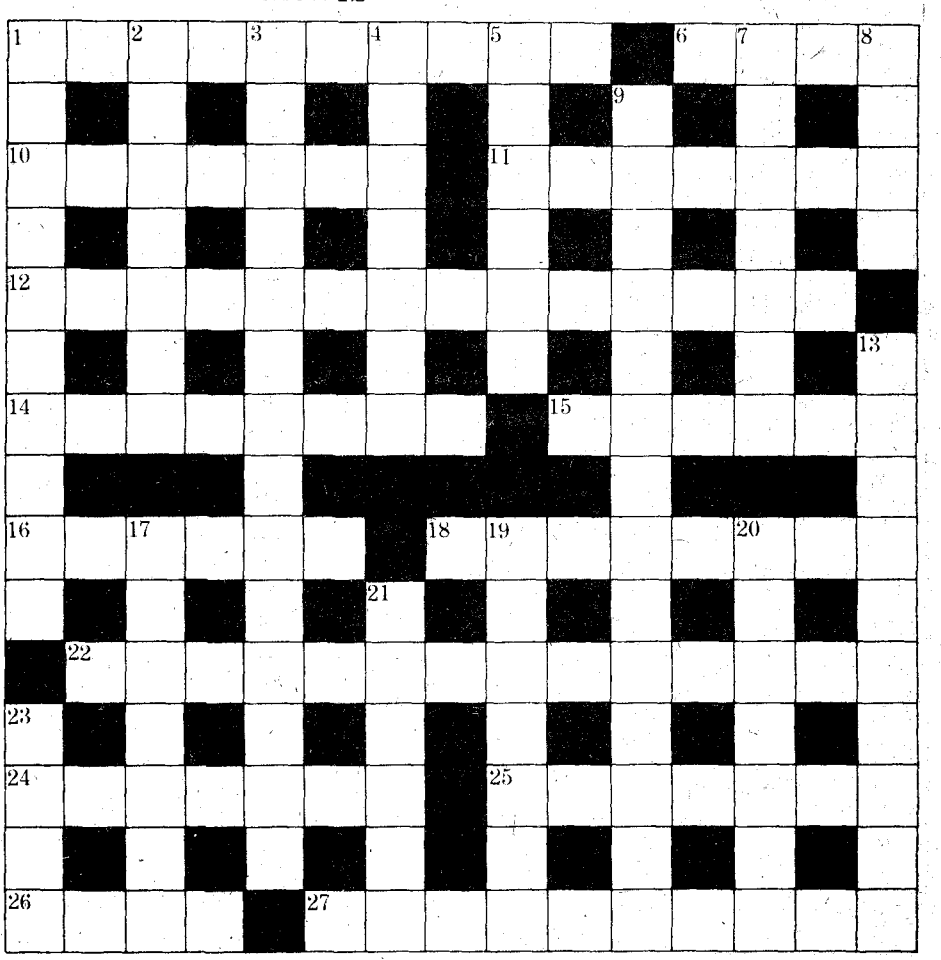
STRAVINSKY: *Petrushka* (1947 version). Chicago Symphony Orchestra; James Levine, cond. RCA Red Seal ARL1 2615. $7.98.

VARESE: *Ameriques*; *Arcana*; *Ionisation*. New York Philharmonic; Pierre Boulez, cond. Columbia M 34552. $7.98.

WEBER: Overtures. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Rafael Kubelik, cond. Deutsche Grammophon Privilege 2535 136. $6.98 (reissue). □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1747

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 It's evidently not far to the barber shop if you can get this. (You might be lucky with it.) (5,5)
6 and 18 Jumps into the car and heads for the roulette table? (4,3,1,4)
10 What does one do on meeting it? Cops out, perhaps! (7)
11 Is the size of the carved representation about right? (7)
12 Jump, perhaps when April breezes hint of it. (6,2,3,3)
14 Indeed, it's a sign of softness to allow something to be emptied out. (8)
15 Sounds as though one might go out in the English cathedral city. (6)
16 Is uncle a peculiar sort to let loose? (6)
18 See 6 across
22 A city in Illinois carried the famous boxer's—which is naturally phenomenal. (6,8)
24 In uncle, a nervous display of something like soap? (7)
25 As to the return appearance, you'll find it in Oregon. (7)
26 Obviously a morally low starting point to work out from. (4)
27 Nice-looking and well-behaved—that's a fair description. (6,4)

DOWN

1 After the piano-movers have finished with 14? (7,3)
2 The emerging part is badly cut in poor condition. (7)
3 You might place a drink on it—that shows what things cost! (7,7)
4 It's awkward being put in a hole—and not very friendly. (7)
5 Calls for half-a-dozen poses. (6)
7 His job might be to give the pupils an examination. (7)
8 Killed a great number, commonly. (4)
9 Its makers really knew how to weave a tale! (6,8)
13 Good seats here for what some say is a thousand and one-night type of show, perhaps. (10)
17 To be sure, all mixed up—you might rest on yours. (7)
19 Unusually fragrant. (7)
20 From a place in Sicily, a friend reaches Rome somewhat shaken. (7)
21 More 27 to start with? Just comparatively (6)
23 Possibly the result of a sore point—at least to the Union. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1746.

ACROSS: 1 and 5 Watch the birdie; 10 Resumed; 11 Imitate; 12 Leave; 13 Lake Huron; 14 Kafka; 16 Skeptics; 19 Used cars; 22 Error; 24 Chevalier; 26 Ticks; 28 Armadas; 29 Chevron; 30 and 31 Monroe Doctrine. DOWN: 1 and 23 Work like a charm; 2 Tesla; 3 and 9 Hammer and sickle; 4 Huddles; 6 Irish; 7 Drag racer; 8 Exeunt; 15 Fisherman; 17 Treatment; 18 Presence; 20 Amidst; 21 Sirocco; 25 Audio; 27 Corgi

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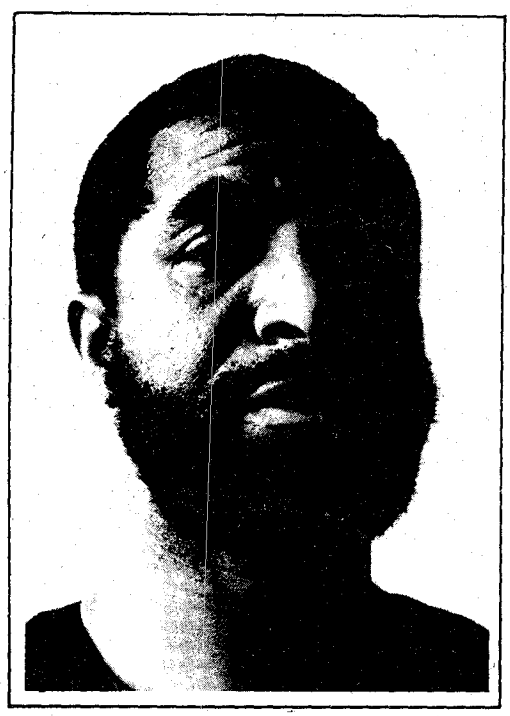

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